MARVEL
THE ULTIMATES
1
FIX THE WORLD
CAMP
FRIGERI
BLEE

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero and by establishing a secret council of super villains, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, that rules the world from the shadows.

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FIX THE WORLD

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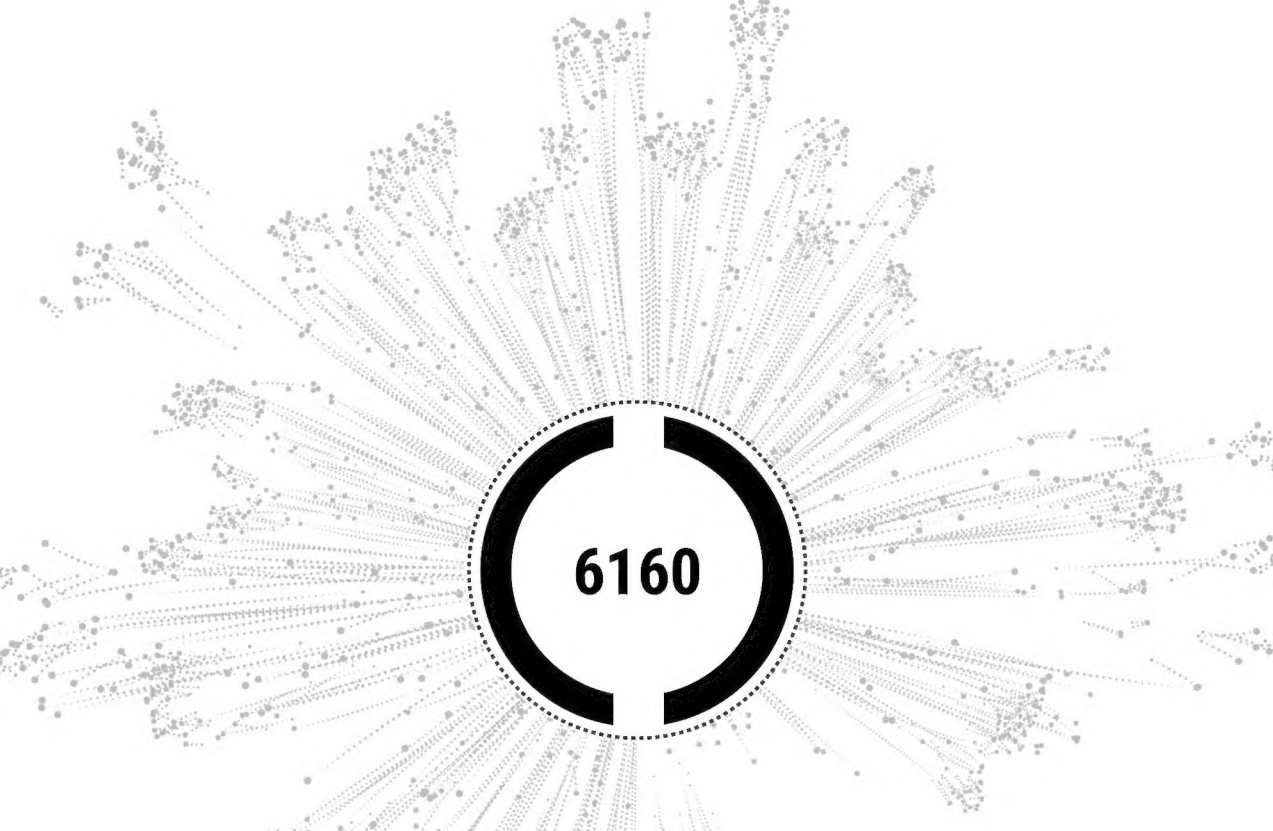
ULTIMATE
UNIVERSE



TWO WEEKS AGO, THE CITY WAS SEALED, TRAPPING THE IMPERATOR OF EARTH, THE MAKER, INSIDE.

NOW, IN HIS ABSENCE, A QUIET WAR HAS BROKEN OUT ACROSS THE PLANET TO SHAPE WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO HIS KINGDOM.

SOME WANT TO CONTROL THE WORLD.

SOME WANT TO FREE IT.

ᛈᚱ:ᛗᚹᛉᛒ
Is this the one?
Complicated technology here in Asgard, but if the floor plan and schematic we obtained on arrival are correct, yes, this should be it.
However, if it were me, I would disguise my intentions. Lie about what's inside.
ᛈᚱ:ᛗᚹᛉᛒ
Because you never know who's watching.
ᛈᚱ:ᛗᚹᛉᛒ
The sun'll be up soon, and we don't have much time...
So we're gambling either way. Let's just get him out, Doom.

Hello. Can you hear me?
Is anyone in there?
Go away. I want no food nor drink, and I desire neither company nor conversation...
For I have nothing to say and nothing you should want to hear, as--*in accordance with the law and to my great shame*--I have been branded a traitor.
Well then, you'll be happy to know that I'm something of a lawbreaker myself...
But I'm also a free man--*righteous*--and here to throw open the cage of the wrongly imprisoned.
Lie not. I have no patience for such things.
I promise...
It is true that I am here to free one ***particular*** man...
...but only if that man is the ***god*** of ***thunder*** and ***lightning.***

I am he...
I am Thor.
We have him, Iron Lad.
Great! Come on. Let's get out of here.
Our ship's this way.
Not yet.
I have great need, and if my needs are met, then perhaps we will not need any vessel of yours.
Do you think he knows the ship he's talking about is a bleeding-edge prototype that can navigate both real and imaginary space?
I do not. But he does seem unusually certain.
I know. So the question I have is, what's better than a billion-dollar space-ship?

Gods and giants, look!
The prisoner is free!

Ah, Odinson. Out and about.
This is not in accordance with what was agreed nor with what was arranged.
And yet it seems you are--once again--craving both the stick and the correction with which it comes.
Lady Sif. I only want what is mine.
Then I will be on my way and--though it might grieve us both--no longer your concern.
How so, son of Asgard? Are the royal prisons not my domain? Am I not warden and, as such, you not my ward?
Should you escape, all blame will be mine.
I tell you truly, I care not for that, so you will act accordingly and return to your cell.
I am leaving.
And I am leaving with what is mine.
Oh my. Are we going to fight?
I do so love it when we fight.
ZZZAKKK!

We don't have time for this. We have to go. Now.
I will not leave without my hammer.
If you want Mjolnir so bad... come and get it, traitor.
Has it been so long that Asgard has forgotten...
I don't have to.
Hurkff!

KRAK-
THOOOM!!
It is a very impressive weapon. Perhaps more impressive than your very impressive ship.
Here's what I want to know: If he can summon it at will, why didn't he do that when he was in his cell?
Given what we know, there's really only one reason I can think of:

"He didn't want to."
SMASHHH!
Wait... wait...
No. I have waited long enough.
CRUUNNCH!
KRAK-O-THOOOOW!

...
Now we may leave.
Great. The only problem is that with all the chaos and noise, we're probably going to have to fight our way to the ship...
But it's our only way out of here--what else are we gonna do?
Stand close to me.
This might feel odd.

Zoooooom!
Where...
Where did they go?

New York. Stark Tower.
Who is this man?
In many ways, he is the same as you and I...
A hero of an erased age. But unlike all of us--*because he is from an older, less corrupted time*--we were able to rescue him at his origin and in a state of innocence.
Unscarred, unchanged... ***better, I suppose.***
Stand back.
He should be freed. As I was.
Whoa. Whoa.
You can't do it that way...

Getting him out of there is going to be a...*complicated process.*
The Maker's files are Byzantine. Because of that, we're working a little blind here--*we have no safety net, so we have to be careful.*
I believe that we could do it faster by replacing his pre-existing blood with artificial picotech, but...
...the files mention that his powers are derived from something called a "Super-Soldier Serum," which--*we must conclude*--is a blood-based augmentation.
I think we should do it anyway...
But ***some of us*** have an outsize aversion to ***risk.***
Yeah. That's me. The weirdo who doesn't want to gamble with people's lives.
Can he hear us?
I don't know. But he shouldn't fully regain consciousness until we're further along.
So he might. And if he might, then there are words that should be said...
Hear me, brother, I would free you now--*as I would any in chains who deserve them not*--were the risks not grave and the cost so high.
But you have my word. Should the time come when such a choice must be made, you will be freed. Better to die as such than helpless and hopeless, trapped in a frozen hell.

Woof. Strong words.
But promising freedom when you don't have your own seems disingenuous, Thor.
Is this Asgard, Sif? Am I in a cell?
This is not Asgard. You are not in a cell.
But do not forget who I am, and what you are to me. While you may temporarily have my leave, you do not have absolution.
No matter what these little men say.
So, the point of what we're doing--*and what we're arguing*--is that everything that you think is real is actually a lie.
The world is not the world it should be...
And I think you should help us *fix that.*
Why would I do that?
Because he is not supposed to be your prisoner...
He is supposed to be your *king.*
Pfft. You mistake royal blood for a royal crown, boy.
You are not the first.
What do you mean... I am king?
Oh man, short version or long version?
The one where I understand what you mean.
It's convoluted, pretty messy...
Maybe you can...?
Of course.

The ruler of this Earth--*our imperator*--is a man called the Maker.
And while he is trapped inside his "future city," we are presented with an opportunity. We can change this world back into the world it was supposed to be.
"You have to understand--*and this is the heart of the matter*--he is from a different universe, and he arrived here with a very specific mission:
"To systematically erase this world's heroes from existence.
"He was able to do this by denying them the circumstances and events that would have transformed them into what they were supposed to be.
"And he was able to do that because he arrived in our universe with the knowledge of the history of our Earth's heroes."
How can you know such a thing?
Because when I was his prisoner--*a captive and a tool for decades*--I was able to steal his files.
So *I know* what *he knows.*
You were supposed to be King of Asgard, Thor.
Instead he helped your brother, Loki, kill your father and steal your birthright.
He ruined your future, and not just yours but many, many more people like you. ***Like us.***
We want to set things right.
Will you help us?
It is no small thing to realize that this pain I have nursed for years was not a sickness or a flaw but instead a righteous anger.

I am with you.
And you?
...
I'll stick around for the ride.
The Maker's files have been amended over the years.
Before the City closed, I finally understood that these reference numbers by each entry were actually storage codes...
...to *this:* a repository where he keeps tokens, trinkets and, I suppose, catalysts or keys to each hero he has wronged.
It's located here, in the capital city of Latveria.
I know nothing of Earthly fortresses, but I know a well-built citadel when I see one.
They will not simply let you walk in there and take it.
Well, that's true.
If only we had some way to get there...
Magically, and in the blink of an eye.

Latveria.
There!
There it is.
SAKKK!

Shielded. How do we--
It should not be a problem. The Maker was consistent in his inconsistency...
We've always had that problem.
Any security measures that he--
Oh, damn him...
What?
Paranoia. There are no active passcodes that are acceptable when the City is closed.
No overrides. No contingencies. If he is locked in there... there is no way of quietly getting in here.
I am the god of thunder.
I have never concerned myself much with quiet.
...
Sure. Why not.
KRAK-A-THOOOOOWWWW

No alarms. No guards.
I dunno. Maybe you were wrong?
Doubtful.
But our mission remains unchanged...
Escape with the repository.
A goal that appears to be achievable.
Oh man...
That might not be as simple as we thought.
You say each of these contains the relics of a stolen life?
No. Each one holds around a hundred.

What could this world have been?
There's so many. We can't leave them...or just pick and choose...
Maybe we can gather them together. Jump out with them all.
Even with Mjolnir, there are limits to the area he can move.
Can you do it?
It's an evil thing, the stealing of dreams.
The work of demons and devils and souls that are damned. To make a world where men are chained to a future that is not their own--
obscenity.
Can I do it?
I am a god. And not bound by the limits of men.
Of course I can--
Hurrkk!
THOR!

Some men-- it seems--are a bit better than others. Non?
Vous êtes des intrus et des voleurs...
SLICE
There are consequences for crime in the capital city.
KRAK!
And today?
Captain Britain is your judge.
SMASH

I know who you are...and what you secret rulers of the world have done...
BRANGGG!
It's going to end.
And who's going to end it--you?
Whoever you might be...
SKKRUNNK!
Ah. I know that face.
Un visage de traitre. Issu d'une famille de traitres.

I want you to remember it.
AAIEEEEEEEE!
Can you get us out of here?
Skaffs
Aye.

Stark Tower.
I'm activating the emergency medical protocols.
But I'm... I've...
I've never used this before.
He is...my prisoner.
He cannot die on my watch.
My dad made this...
I'm sure he designed it to be automated... If it isn't, I'll...
I'll do everything I can.
It appears that much of the one repository we escaped with is a stasis/ cryogenic device meant to preserve whatever it holds...
Inside, there are many, many catalysts. We have options... and variables abound.

Latveria.
Look at what he has done to me!!!
I am blinded! Disfigured!
Je mangerai son coeur et je deviendrai fort grâce au sang.
HI NO KUNI
CHILDREN OF ETERNAL LIGHT
RASIAN REPUBLIC
THE UPPER AND LOWER KINGDOMS
Calm yourself. You sound hysterical.
What happened? Exactly?
Stark and his companions broke into the castle and escaped with the Maker's lure.
Your injury seems to have affected not just your sight but your understanding of what you see. Howard Stark was inside the City when it closed.
No! Not the father. The son.
Et je n'oublierai pas comment tu m'as parlé ce jour, Vipère.
The son? Interesting.
We regret the loss of your eye, Captain, but we have all been wondering exactly how to deal with the vacuum of power on that continent and to claim it for ourselves...
I now see a path forward. He does not know it...
"...but the boy has given us North America.

"All we have to do is take it."
BREEP!
Something's wrong.
Targeting alert from near-Earth orbit? That doesn't make any sense... unless...
Oh no.
And how has he done that, Hulk?
By committing the acts of a tyrant... or worse...
"...those of a terrorist.
Options are limited with the Asgardian felled. Perhaps only one.
Yeah. I know...
"And what do acts of terror yield?

"Opportunity."

And how will we sell it?
HI NO KUNI
CHILDREN OF ETERNA
EURASIAN REPUBLI
ER AND LOWER
S
We do what we do.
We tell lies so large that it's inconceivable that they are fabricated or false.
And we cover that with just enough truth to sell it. We put his name on it: Stark.
And you think people will believe it when we blame the boy?
Of course they will.
After all...
"...while it's true that we are the ones who had control of the machines...
STARK
"...it was his family who built them."

THE WORLD

THE WORLD

AS REMADE BY THE MAKER'S COUNCIL

- ~~THE NORTH AMERICAN UNION~~ REDISTRIBUTED
- ~~REGIONAL SUBSIDIARIES~~ REDISTRIBUTED

- THE SOCIETY OF SOUTH AMERICA
- REGIONAL CLUBS
- FRACTIONAL CULTURES

- THE EUROPEAN COALITION
- REGIONAL GOVERNORS
- FIEFDOMS

- THE CITY
- LATVERIAN TERRITORIES

- THE UPPER AND LOWER KINGDOMS
- REGIONAL DYNASTIES
- LOCAL TEMPLES

- THE EURASIAN REPUBLIC
- REGIONAL DIRECTORS
- LOCAL SCHOOLS

- THE CHILDREN OF ETERNAL LIGHT
- THE SHADOWS OF THE IMMORTAL HAND

- HI NO KUNI ("LAND OF THE SUN")
- DAIMYOS

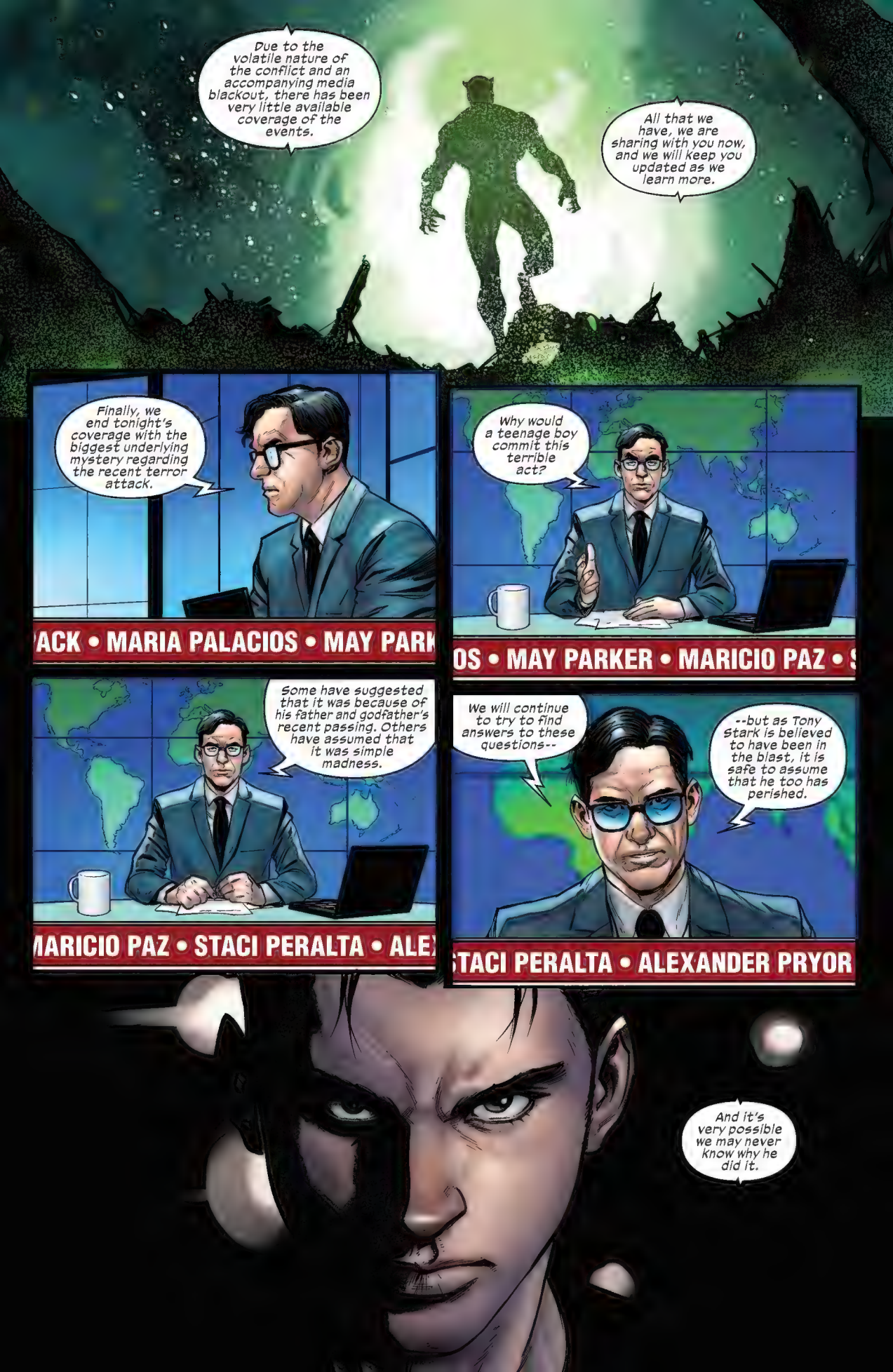
- UNDISCOVERED TERRITORY

1963-2023

EPILOGUE

One week later.
Against a backdrop of global concern and international aid, it is with gratitude and great sorrow that we do our best to reflect on the events of last week.
And while all of us here, and millions around the world, still wait for answers about what happened that day...
...for now, all we have are questions.
ENJAMIN NICHOLSON • ROLO NIDAL •
Thousands remain missing.
• ROLO NIDAL • LINH NGUYEN • JAME
And while almost no physical evidence remains, local and international agencies--using GPS, digital I.D.s and other forensic data--
--have been able to create a database of unfortunate souls who may have been in the blast radius of the terror attack.
H NGUYEN • JAMES O'CONNER • WIL
Below me, those potential victims' names are scrolling on the screen.
IER • WILLIAM O'SHEA • ROLLF OLSO

People who-- according to both the data and the experts who analyzed it--
--were believed to have been near the corporate headquarters of Stane/Stark when the event occurred...
• ROLLF OLSON • EMILY OSBORN • NO
Authorities need all the help they can get, so anyone who can confirm or deny any of these names, please contact them immediately.
SBORN • NORMAN OSBORN • BROOK
And while domestically these are troubling, strange times, it seems that these events are not contained by our borders.
In Hi No Kuni, a car explosively collided with a bicycle in the streets.
And while the driver remains in serious condition, the 15-year-old girl who was hit by the car escaped without a scratch on her.
ROOKS PACE • WILLAM PACHECO • I
Elsewhere, in several of the dynastic strongholds of the Upper and Lower Kingdoms--
--there are reports of an outbreak of regional infighting and, perhaps, open insurgence.
M PACHECO • DOUGLAS PACK • MAR


Due to the volatile nature of the conflict and an accompanying media blackout, there has been very little available coverage of the events.
All that we have, we are sharing with you now, and we will keep you updated as we learn more.
Finally, we end tonight's coverage with the biggest underlying mystery regarding the recent terror attack.
ACK • MARIA PALACIOS • MAY PARK
Why would a teenage boy commit this terrible act?
OS • MAY PARKER • MARICIO PAZ • S
Some have suggested that it was because of his father and godfather's recent passing. Others have assumed that it was simple madness.
ARICIO PAZ • STACI PERALTA • ALE
We will continue to try to find answers to these questions--
--but as Tony Stark is believed to have been in the blast, it is safe to assume that he too has perished.
TACI PERALTA • ALEXANDER PRYOR
And it's very possible we may never know why he did it.

NOTE: This story was released before *Ultimates #1* but takes place after it. Since it was created as a teaser for the series, it's running before #1 here.

Earth-6160.
What are you going to do with that, Captain?
Access granted.
I'm going to drink it. With an old friend. We're going to toast to new beginnings. Isn't that what this is all about?
You're welcome to join, Iron Lad.
VRRRMMMM
Never touch the stuff.
Defenses are down.
Where are Thor and Sif?
They didn't respond to the call. As usual.
It's getting to be a common problem with this group.
For most of my life, I have been a prisoner. I will never be a prisoner again--not even to your expectations, Iron Lad.
I am Doom. I come and go as I please.
And I am with you now.

What is this place?
One of a network of secret storage facilities codenamed "Damage Control."
Vast storehouses filled with indestructible corpses and never-worn super-costumes.
A super-hero mass grave.
My God, this is monstrous! We're looking at a potential golden age smothered in its crib!
INFANT KING OF ATTILAN
How many of these places are there?
I don't know. Hundreds.
SAVAGE LAND (PRE-EXTINCTION)
And you're certain they're keeping him here?
We comb through the wreckage of a world that never was. What can be certain in such a place?

Wait! I see him!
This way.
I am once again stating for the record that I think we're wasting our time going after some antique from the '30s.
We should be looking to the future. There are hundreds of potential heroes to get through--
We went over this. I know this man. I fought with this man. I won't let him rot if I can help it.
Not a man. Not technically.
And we need heroes, don't we? Well, he was one of the first.
A forgotten Marvel.
UNKNOWN REMAINS
I know it in my bones. This better world we're fighting for... he has to be here at the start of it.
WEAPON
I bet I could build a more heroic--
Known members of the Ultimates Terrorist Network!

Lay down your weapons and surrender peacefully!
BOOM BOOM
[redacted]! H.A.N.D. agents incoming!
What?
The Maker's secret super-police!
You are wanted for crimes against the Maker and destruction of property!
The place is crawling with them! We must have tripped an alarm!
Be careful! They can move between shadows and draw weapons from inside their own bodies!
Where are their faces? They don't have faces!
You are under arrest! Your human rights have been semi-permanently suspended and will be returned to you if it is decided you deserve them!

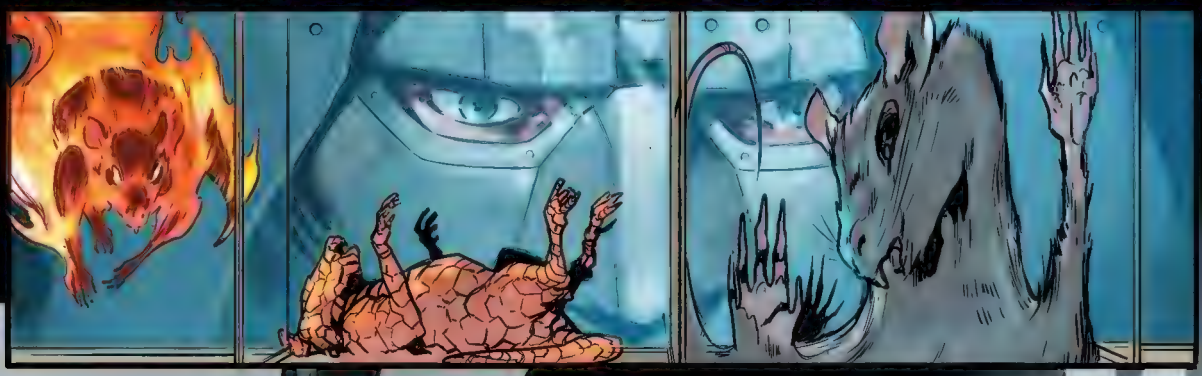
Surrender, super-terrorists! By the authority of the Maker--
We're the Ultimates! You say terrorists, we say freedom fighters...!
We recognize no authority above our own!
Can anyone get to him? He could free himself if we just get his temperature up.
Just a-- mmrrpph!
+Sigh+ This is why I wanted Thor and Sif. You two whiz kids are useless in a fight.
Fine. I'll do it myself.
Iron Lad... light me.
FWHOOSH

TING
CRUNCH
Uhh!
Guh!
Oof!

Off!
I told you, this is how it starts...
CRACKLE
...this is how it always starts.

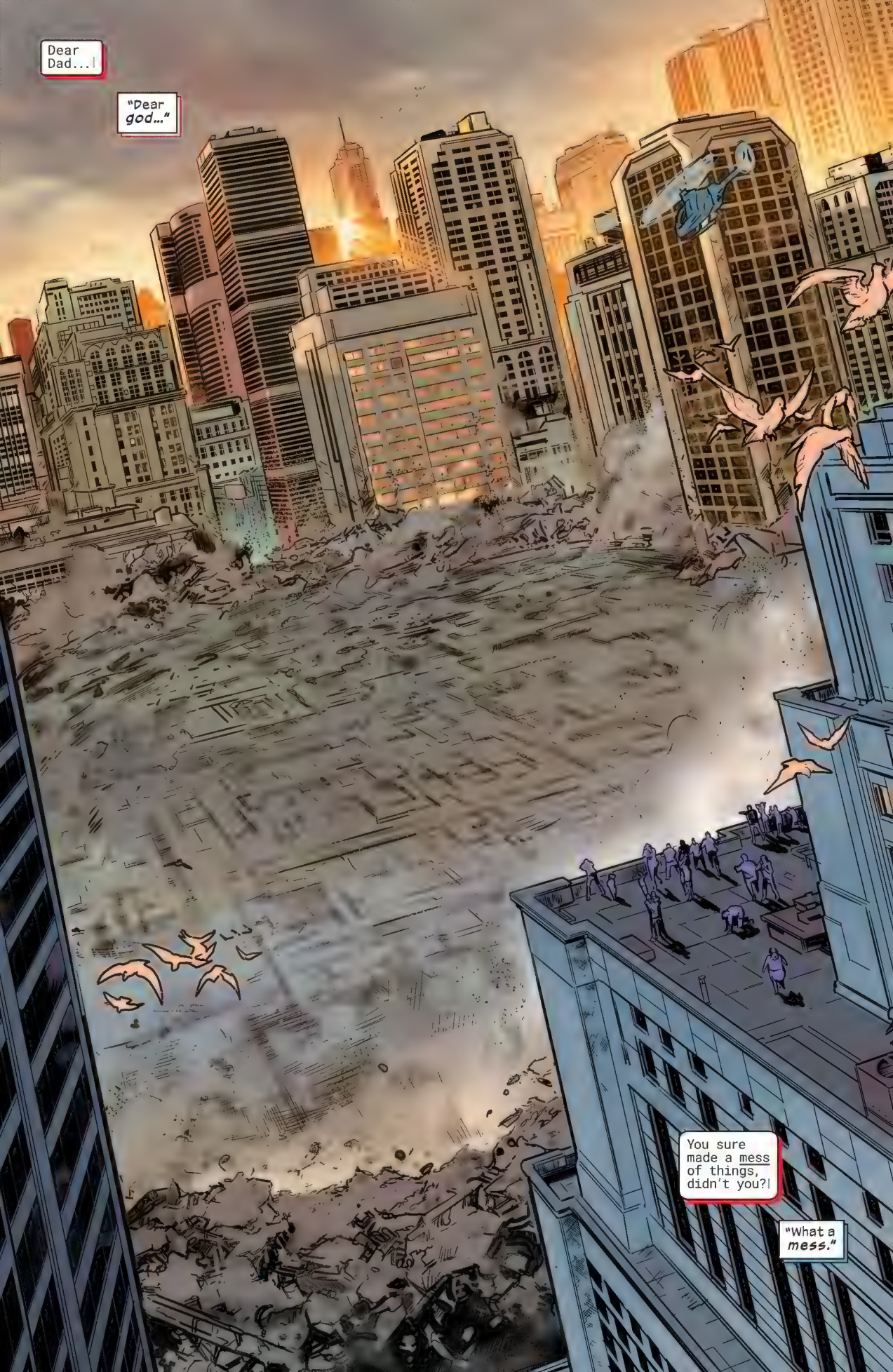
Someone has to *light the fire.*
FORGOTTEN MARVELS
Welcome back, Jim.
Welcome to *the Ultimates,* Human Torch.
We're going to fix the world.

COMING UP IN THE ULTIMATES



ULTIMATES #1 2ND PRINTING VARIANT BY **R.B. SILVA** & **DAVID CURIEL**

THE ULTIMATES 1


Dear Dad...
"Dear *god...*"
You sure made a mess of things, didn't you?
"What a *mess.*"

We can fix it.
Six months, Dad. Six months you've been gone to the world.
REMEMBERING THE LIVES LOST IN TH
TONY STARK IS PRESUMED DEAD
I was referring to *us*, Iron Lad. *We* are a mess.
Six months trapped with that...monster.
For you, it probably seems like a thousand years.
But for us, it is like yesterday.

I know-- it doesn't look good. To review: We've escaped six months into the future. Thousands died in the attack on Stark Tower meant for us.
The perpetrators of that attack--a conspiracy of the worst and most powerful people imaginable--have taken control of both the planet and the narrative.
The world thinks we're violent terrorists.
Also--our most powerful ally is gravely injured. Another is trapped in ice.
As I said: A mess.
But we have a TIME MACHINE.
And in eighteen months, the devil breaks out of Hell.
We can fix it.
In an off-the-books Stane/Stark corporate spy satellite, we worked it all out.

2 YEARS TO FIX THE WORLD
You mean eighteen months.
We've traveled six months into the future, Doom. It's June.
Not that complicated.
"We have a time machine." You said it, but did you understand it? With the Immortus Engine, we can act simultaneously in the past, present and future.
You'll have to think in four dimensions if you want to change the world, Iron Lad.
Point taken. So why stop there? If we can go back six months, why not 60 years? Why not fix everything?
MAKER IMPRISONED / TEMPORAL DEFENSES DISABLED
The Maker's work is not so easily unmade. Events before we disabled his temporal shields are out of reach--for now. So to speak.
There are high walls around the past. Six months is our current negative limit.
Okay... then we go back and stop the destruction of Stark Tower. That's within our range.
We failed to stop it then. How do you expect to stop it now?
Well...I have a few ideas.
Of course, I'd been thinking about how to change the world since my fifth birthday.

ULTIMATES 1.0
It will be a kind of... *super hero resistance network.*
Created from the post-human catalysts and files we stole from the Maker. Connected by Stark Tech and *common cause.*
Small at first, but growing *exponentially* as we add new nodes.
2 YEARS TO FIX TH
ULTIMATES
MAKER IMPRISONED / TEMPORAL DEFENSES DISABLED.
REALEASE
2024
You propose we re-create this other world *here?* This... *"Earth Six-One-Six"?*
I *propose* we put right what the Maker put wrong. To help this world become the world it is *supposed* to be.
A world of *heroes.*
This world is not *that* one. *Realities diverge.*
The Maker has purged himself of mercy. The people in these files are likely *dead.*
Then we'll find *replacements.* With the population data and computing power at our disposal, we can find *near-perfect* substitutes.
Where *history* fails, we'll let *science* choose.

But Doom had his own ideas.
Origin-machines. It... could work. With a few modifications.
Such as?
He is unsettling and brilliant. Intense.
Trapped inside his City, the Maker has thousands of years to prepare for our next meeting. We have only two.
If we're to have any hope...we'll have to make the most of them.
The Immortus Engine. Yeah, I thought about it, but... I'm not sure. There're already so many moving parts to this...time travel only adds further complications--and calculations...
Not quite the Maker, but there is a resemblance.
Leave the calculations to me.
We'll build your..."Ultimate Network"... six months in the past. And have our army overnight.
I tried to call him Reed, but he insists I call him Doom.
Four dimensions, Iron Lad. Four at least.

While Doom did the math, I designed super-identities and calculated the probability of heroism as a function of location, age, psychological history, past trauma and 244 other unique variables.
In between heroes, I cracked the Captain America problem.
CRRAAACK
Seventy-five years had passed, but for him, it was an instant. Time travel.
Two-thousand and twenty-four? Who's the president?
I told Captain America the United States broke up in 1969.
I'm sorry.
All things considered, he took it pretty well.

The world--even *this* one, even *ours*--it has such wonders. I never knew.
There are gods, Dad. Did you know that there are gods?
How *is* he, Sif?
In the room next door, a god bled out all over the floor.
Sif...?
It should be nothing for him, but...*magic blade.* The wound won't close.
I'm sorry. If you ***need*** anything--
It is ***gods*** who grant gifts to ***mortals.*** Not the other way around.
Leave us.
Who do you think gods pray to, when they pray?

For six days, I didn't sleep, I didn't eat. While I worked, my armor fed concentrated nutrients and proprietary Stark™ stimulants directly into my bloodstream.
Six days preparing catalysts and calculating trajectories through the fourth dimension. Six days checking and rechecking our math.
On the seventh day (there are gods, Dad), we were ready.
We are ready.
It won't work.
Though not everyone was so confident.
What?
You can't start a revolution from your living room. Revolutions start on the ground.
And heroes don't come out of boxes. It won't work.
This is not a revolution. More like a machine-- or an experiment. One to shake the world.
This is science.
No. It's a revolution. I know one when I see one.
There is some very high-level math and engineering at work here, Steve. Hard even for us to understand sometimes.
But it should work.

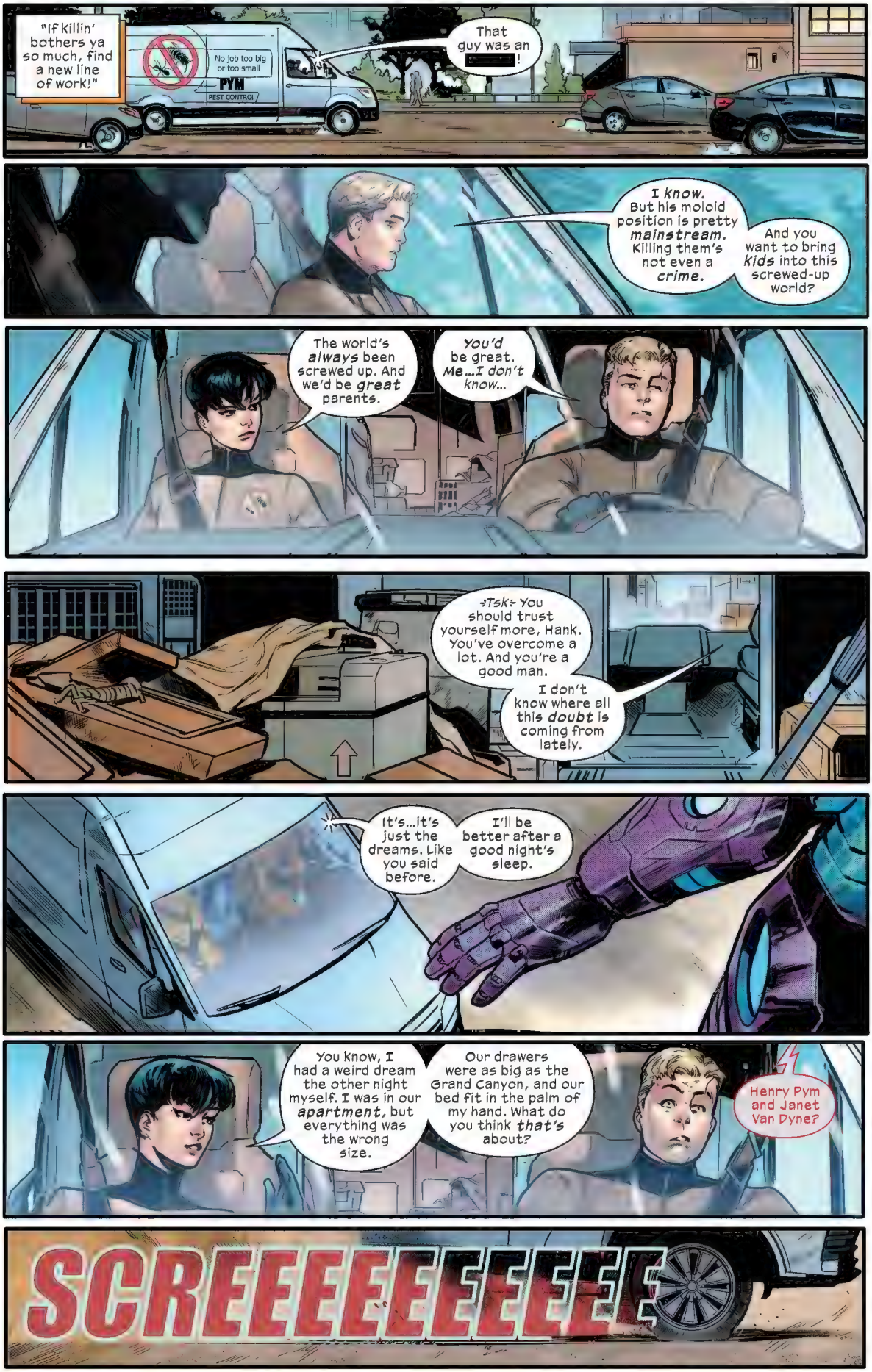
I'll admit it:
Is that *it?* I thought it'd be more dramatic.
The moment itself was a little anticlimactic.
But time travel is instantaneous. One second after we sent our "origin-boxes" into the past, they would *always have been there.*
1,200 miles above Earth's atmosphere, I opened a window... ready to look out onto a world overflowing with heroes.
It looks...
...the same.
Yeah... pretty much the same. Shoot.
Worse, in fact. *Measurably* worse.
That Steve Rogers... he really is a perfect human.

He didn't even say "I told you so."
It looks like only one or two took. The rest...all rejected, intercepted or deceased.
A-- a lot of accidental suicide by super-power.
Okay. I admit it...I have not yet conquered time.
Until you've got a better handle on it, maybe we stick to time-traveling the old-fashioned way--one second at a time.
I--
You overreact. One does not abandon an experiment after a single failure.
"Experiment"? These are people's lives--
We must troubleshoot and try again--
Enough!
Steve's right. We...we killed people, Doom. Ruined lives... I...I don't care if it puts us at a disadvantage. The Immortus Engine is off-limits.
No more time travel.

"We'll save the world some *other* way."
ULTIMATES v2.0
Somebody call about a *bug* problem?
SQUASH
HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.
Flambé
restaurant
Whoa, keep your *voice* down! I'm runnin' a *restaurant* here! You'll scare off my customers!
Sorry.
What are we dealing with, Mr. Flambé? What variety of *vermin,* exactly?
What am I, a taxonomist?! Food's goin' missing, and I got *mouths* to feed!
Whatever they are, I want 'em *dead.*
Don't worry, we'll take care of it. Like the van says--"no job too big or small"!

Everything okay, Hank?
Hmm?
You've been kind of distant lately. For months, actually.
Is it...are you having the dreams again?
Janet! I told you that in confidence!
It's just us down here, Hank. I'm your wife. No one's making fun of you.
Recurring nightmares about ants begging for their lives is nothing to laugh at.
...it's the little personal details about themselves they slip in--that's the most horrible part...
God, I'm such a mess, Jan. Sometimes I think you'd be better off without me...
We've talked about this, Hank. I love you. I love our life together. And everyone's a mess. The world's a mess.
C'mon. I think I heard something coming from over there...
But do you...do you ever wish things were different?
I think there's more to life than squashing bugs, if that's what you mean.
I'd like to try bringing life into the world one day.
K-kids...?
Sure. What could be better than that? Imagine...

...our own little family.
"Well? Did ya take care of it?"
No way, Flambē! You've got moloids living down there! From what we can see, an entire extended family.
Okay, I'll pay DOUBLE. But you do disposal.
Sir, they tell stories. They bury their dead. I can recommend a humane relocation service--
Those cost an arm and a leg and take weeks!
Fine, triple, and I'll handle the disposal. Final offer!
No deal, Flambē! We don't kill anything with a culture.
You have to draw the line somewhere.
Oh, that's rich! You're exterminators, for crissakes!
PYM
PYM


"If killin' bothers ya so much, find a new line of work!"
No job too big or too small
PYM
PEST CONTROL
That guy was an [redacted]!
I know. But his moloid position is pretty mainstream. Killing them's not even a crime.
And you want to bring kids into this screwed-up world?
The world's always been screwed up. And we'd be great parents.
You'd be great. Me...I don't know...
Tsk You should trust yourself more, Hank. You've overcome a lot. And you're a good man.
I don't know where all this doubt is coming from lately.
It's...it's just the dreams. Like you said before.
I'll be better after a good night's sleep.
You know, I had a weird dream the other night myself. I was in our apartment, but everything was the wrong size.
Our drawers were as big as the Grand Canyon, and our bed fit in the palm of my hand. What do you think that's about?
Henry Pym and Janet Van Dyne?
SCREEEEEEEEEEE!

We need to talk.
RRRRREEEEEEE
PYM PEST CONTROL
Was that...was that Howard Stark? I thought he was dead!
Wait! How did he know our names?!?! Hank?!
...
You know I'd never hurt you no matter what, don't you, Janet?

They're going south down Broad Street.
I will stop them.
Gently.
What? Where's this coming from? You're Hank Pym! You wouldn't hurt a fly.
Oh... you know what I--
CRASH
Uhhh!
Ugh!
ZZRT
Hello... talking to Henry Pym and Janet Van Dyne...
What is that...?
Oh god...!
...please listen carefully...
I'm sorry, Janet. I was... I love you. I love you so much. I'm so sorry.
It's us who should apologize. There was a... miscommunication.

...this is for you.
I'm sorry about the van.
We're still figuring everything out.
They yet live. How much more gentle do you want?
...stealth suits to mask your identities and a sample of Pym Particles necessary for you to undergo a post-human transformation.
PYM
PYM PEST CONTROL
Ugh. I hate my voice on recordings. I sound so cold.
No wonder these things didn't work.
...should have been heroes, but a great evil robbed you both of your destinies and left Henry with irreversible brain damage...
Your accident...
I...I don't remember--
Forget that. We don't have much time. They'll be coming for us now.
Hey, you're Tony Stark! You killed thousands of people!
I hope you're not one of those people who believes everything you're told, Mrs. Van Dyne.
...exercise in creating a society that could be perfectly directed and controlled...

Look, I don't have to tell you the world is broken.
I can see it in your faces. In the sad slump of your shoulders.
...you were supposed to have a different life.
Well, we're going to fix it. And we need your help.
It's been six months, and you haven't accepted our offer. I don't blame you. You must have thought you'd be alone.
Which is why we've come in person. We wanted to tell you.
...protect the innocent, save lives and inspire...
Six months? What's he talking about, Hank?
You won't be alone. We'd be here to help you. You'd be part of something.
I don't understand. Part of what?
...become a super hero...
The solution. We're calling it--
Enfin! Je vous cherchais!

ENVOYEZ LA CROISADE NOIRE!
MORT AUX TERRORISTES!
Captain Britain--one of the Maker's inner circle! And he's brought his personal guard--the Black Crusade.
Captain Britain? The one screaming in French?
The preening Frank with the magic blade is mine.
NO, you have to stay close to Thor. He's our way out of here.
Besides, it's me Britain wants. I'm the reason he doesn't have peripheral vision.

Ultimates... uhhh... ATTACK!
Janet, I'm sorry. I--I didn't want to lose--
You don't have to explain, Hank. I understand.
I...know you're scared. I'm scared too, but...
PYM PEST CONTROL
They stole your future...
You saw what we did to your papa's tower, petit Stark? Grand improvement, non?
"...how many nights did we stay up terrified watching the news, feeling helpless?
"How many mornings did we have to drag ourselves out of bed?"
I'm tired of being afraid. Aren't you?
There's more to life than squashing bugs, Hank. There has to be.
I love you no matter what choice you make. But this...this is mine.
The question is...

...do you want it back?
Okay... Let's see how this--whoaaa! The suit can ffff--
PYM
PEST CON
--fffffughhh!
PFF
That... that...
...that was amazing!
"I don't deserve her."

She doesn't seem to agree.
She doesn't know. She hasn't read them.
PYM
PEST CONTROL
CRACK
Ahhh, there is your face, petit Stark! I remember it! The whole world remembers it!
Hahaha!
"I read them. The files about who we were supposed to be. I read everything.
"She's supposed to be a super hero. She's supposed to make the world a better place."
Hey... how do I know you're not the bad guys...?
I suppose you don't. But we're not the ones trying to kill you.
Me? Even in that reality, I'm a mess. A failure. Hero, villain...good, bad or mad...I can't seem to make up my mind.
I'm a loser at best. A menace at worst. I'm dangerous.

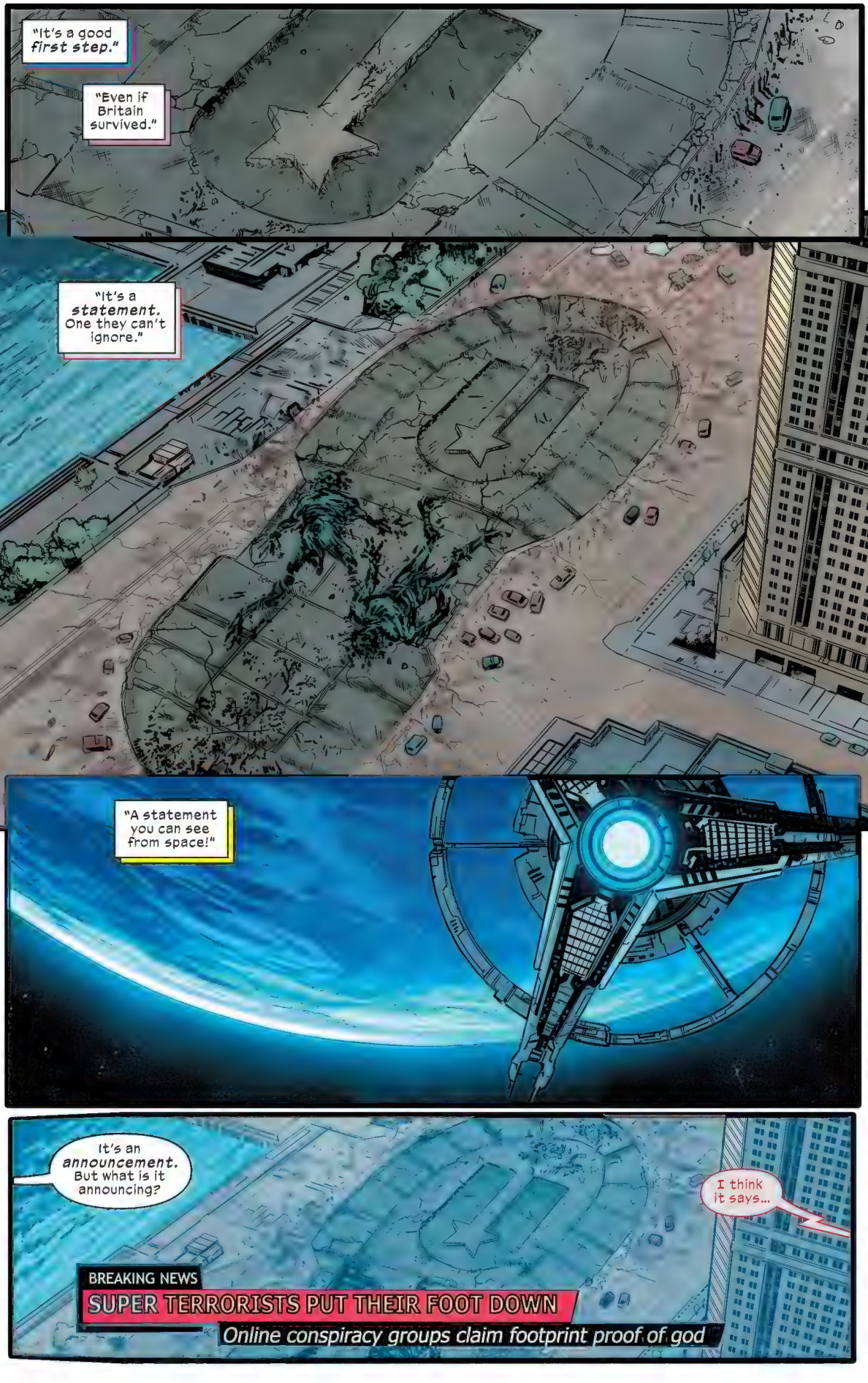
Ngghh! So you went with...milky white...for the eye, huh?
You know, they make lifelike prosthetics now. Irises and everything. I could probably get you a deal.
CRUSH
You don't like? Maybe I take yours--Pop! Pop!--for replacement.
Oeil pour oeil.
Eye for an eye had its day. Time for something new.
ZSHOOOM!!
The things it says I did... It says I hurt people. It says I hurt her. My Janet. I'd never hurt her... but I do.
It already happened.
Huggrlll!
"Sure, I'm afraid of dying. Or...or getting hurt."
But I'm most afraid that if I become what you want me to be...what I'm supposed to be...
...I'll hurt the people I love most.
I don't have an answer for you, Henry. Certainly no guarantees. I can only say that that man is not you.
His failures are not your failures. His sins are not yours.
PYM

"In my experience, Henry, there are times that call us to be bigger than ourselves. For the greater good.
KRAKA-
And I have been killing giants since the sky was young.
Don't, Thor. Let me. You're wounded...
I am no invalid. I am the God of Thunder.
DOOOOM
Oof. Stubborn goat.
Ooo...
"The world needs giants right now, son."
No one can make this choice for you, Henry. But if I can make an observation?
You could have gotten rid of that thing anytime. Buried it, thrown it in the river, given it away, smashed it to pieces.
But you've been driving around with it in arm's reach for six months.
I'm no genius, but seems to me that means something.

Stupid.
Peasant.
CRACK
Who are you-- to oppose us?
I trace my lineage to Louis XIV--the Sun King himself. I was born to rule this world.
My empire--even Uncle Louis could not have dreamed! All of Europe is my playground! Your East Coast, my new toy!
Avalon is also mine. Of her most holy symbols, I make mockeries.
Arthur's roundtable I broke into firewood to burn dissidents. The Lady of the Lake I took as a concubine. The Holy Grail I made my chamber pot.
I have crushed the soul of a people beneath my boot! What are you next to that?!
UKK!
CRRUSH

We're...the... Ultimates...
And...something Louis learned...that you...should know...
FWOOOSH
There are more of us than there are of you.
We have boots too.

And our boots are bigger.
SQUAAASSH
And you said there's more to life than squashing bugs.


"It's a good first step."
"Even if Britain survived."
"It's a statement. One they can't ignore."
"A statement you can see from space!"
It's an announcement. But what is it announcing?
I think it says...
BREAKING NEWS
SUPER TERRORISTS PUT THEIR FOOT DOWN
Online conspiracy groups claim footprint proof of god

...the Ultimates are here. And we're going to leave a mark.
SEVENTEEN MONTHS REMAINING...

"What is failure?"

You always loved questions, but I think that was your favorite. Before anyone could answer, you'd say:

"Failure is what comes before success."

I bet it killed in boardrooms and cocktail parties, but I heard it for what it was: a deflection. By then, you were usually well into your tenth drink and slurring your words.

Howard Stark, the Iron Man. At some point, every boy sees his father for what he is: a man with flaws and weaknesses, like any other. But I was advanced for my age. I saw it earlier than most.

I remember the day exactly. It was my fifth birthday. You were in South America, off at some society gala. I cried and cried, but none of the maids or nurses or nannies could understand why. I cried for *three days*, until you finally came home. You thought I might be ill...until I showed you my work. You checked it and could find no fault.

I was five years old when I mathematically proved that life isn't fair.

All I wanted was to talk to you about my findings, but instead, you built me a rudimentary psychotherapy A.I. A glorified chatbot named J.A.R.V.I.S. Because that's the kind of father you were. What other word is there for it but *failure*?

As a father. As a husband. As a leader. As a man. Failure.

So it's no surprise that this world you helped make--*or at least maintain*--is also a failure. A world run by fickle monsters. Is that why you drank? You couldn't stand the unobstructed view of what you helped make?

For all your brilliance you never understood--*you couldn't imagine*--how far you'd have to go to really change things. Or perhaps you did understand and simply chose not to. For the sake of your memory, I prefer to believe the former.

Don't think your final act of sacrifice absolves you. It doesn't. You took the easy way out, *as always*.

Like I said: It's quite a mess you left, Dad. And now we have to clean it up. What choice do we have?

Initially, I thought we could re-create the world that was stolen from us. Remake *this* world in *that* world's image. But I see now that the Maker did his work too well. He's changed too much—bent the moral arc of this universe in the wrong direction.

If there's any hope of fixing things...it won't be enough to be as good as the heroes of that simpler world. We'll have to be better. I don't know what that looks like yet. But we're going to figure it out.

So thank you for your letter, Dad. And for your sacrifice. But it was too little, too late. You should have always been fighting. We all should have been fighting from the start.

I'll always love you, Dad. But I'll never forgive you.

You were the smartest man in the world. You should have known better.

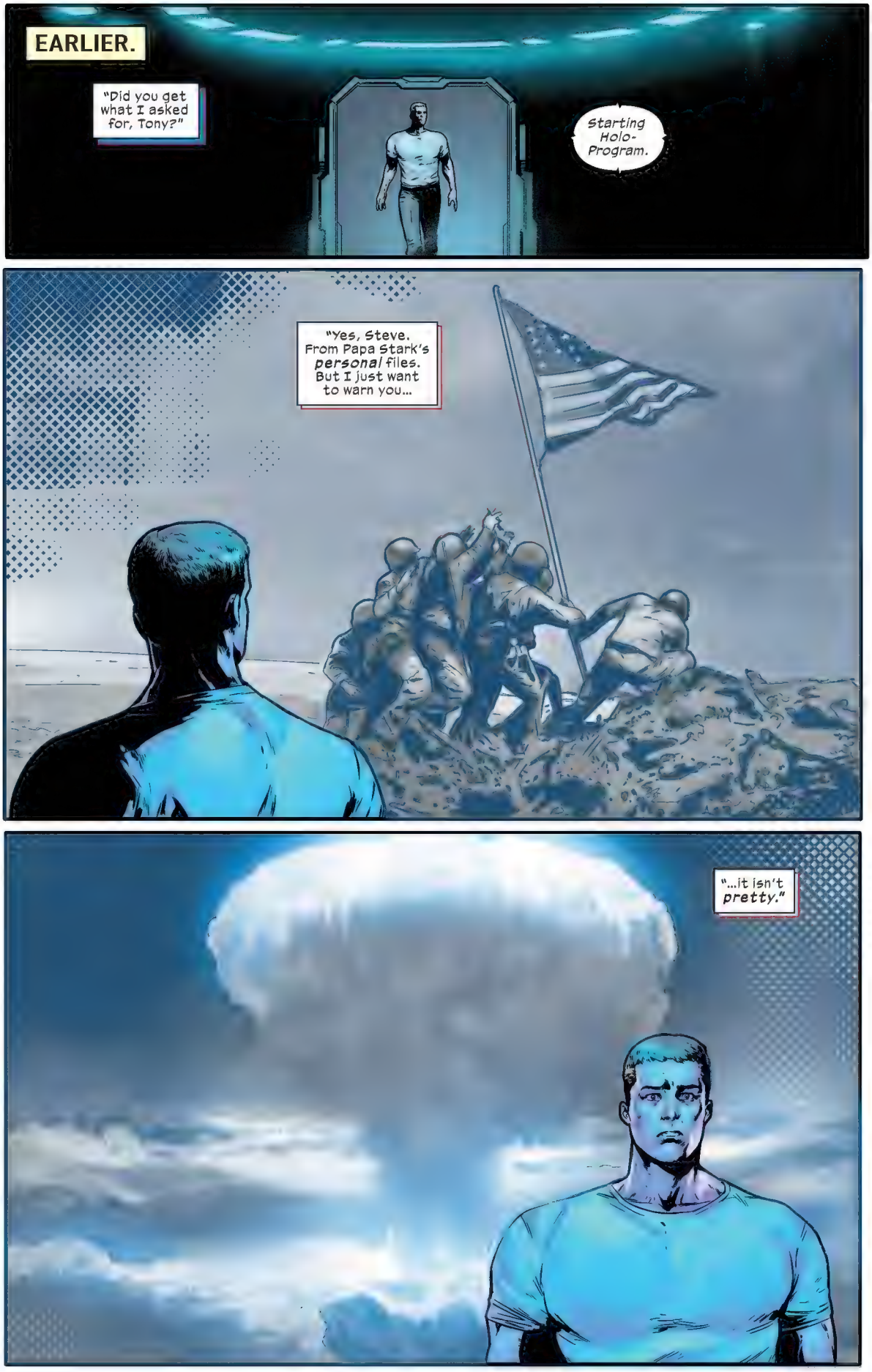
And that is failure.

Your son,
Tony

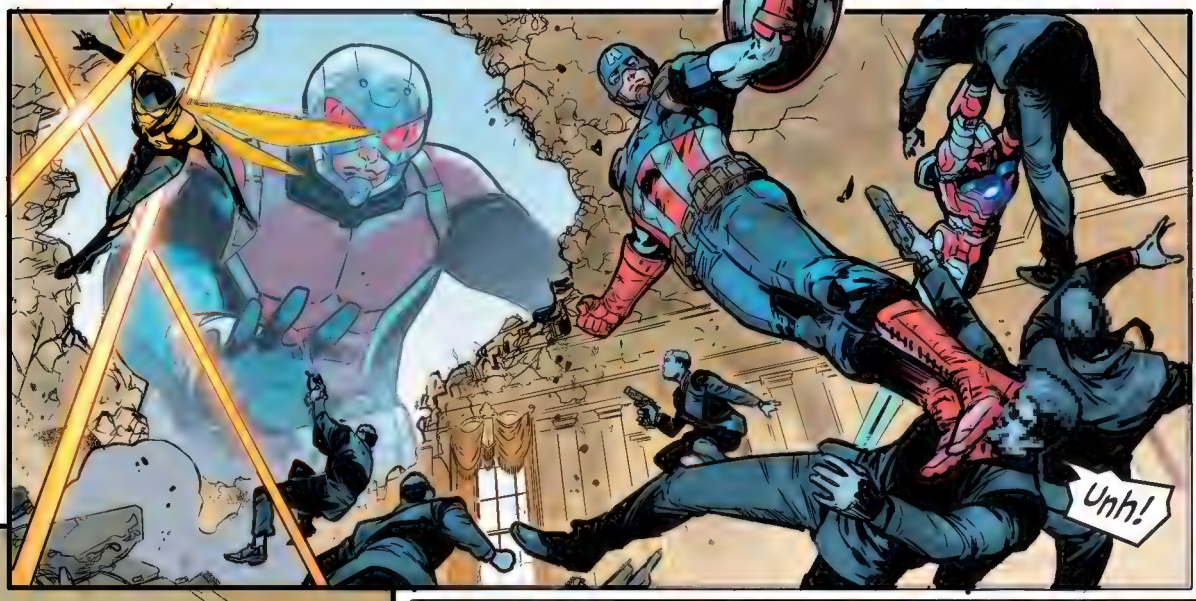
THE ULTIMATES 2

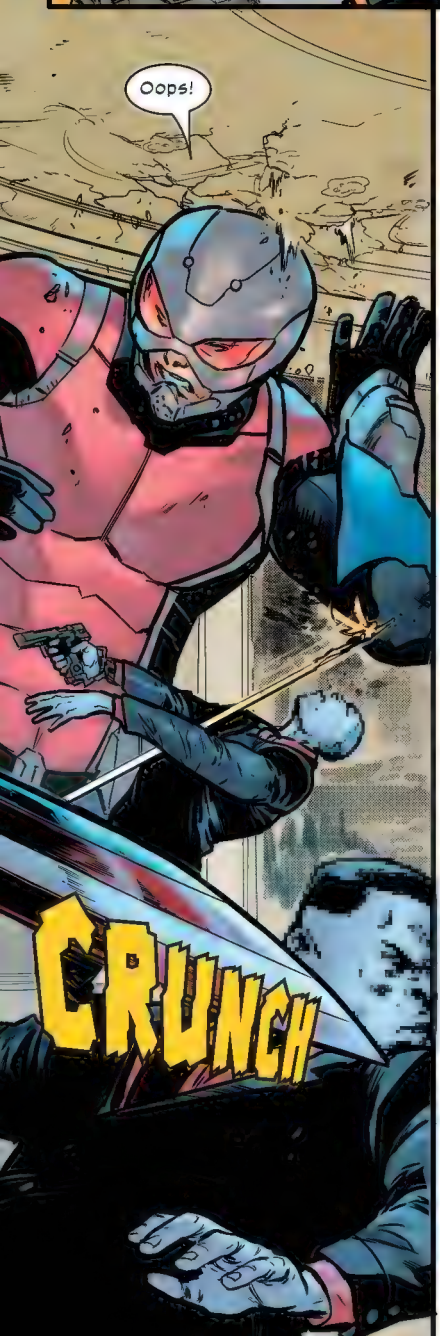
WASHINGTON, DC.
JULY 4TH.
Say again? What kind of--?
BOOOOM
CRASH
Oh my god.
It's them! They hate our freedom! They'll kill us all!!!
BOOM
BOOM BOOM
KRACK
Run!!!
Stop! By the order of--
Ugh!
RUMBLE RUMBLE
CRUNCH
No! Please! Don't hurt my daughter!

You've got nothing to fear from *us*, ma'am. We just want the man in the *big house*.
What does the letter on his *head* stand for, Mommy?
...
Okay, Ultimates...
...let's go *save America*.


EARLIER.
"Did you get what I asked for, Tony?"
Starting Holo-Program.
"Yes, Steve. From Papa Stark's *personal* files. But I just want to warn you...
"...it isn't *pretty*."

"I understand."
"Okay. *Here.* From when you... *went away to* ***today...***
"...in holographic ***360 degrees...***
"...the history of the former United States of America."

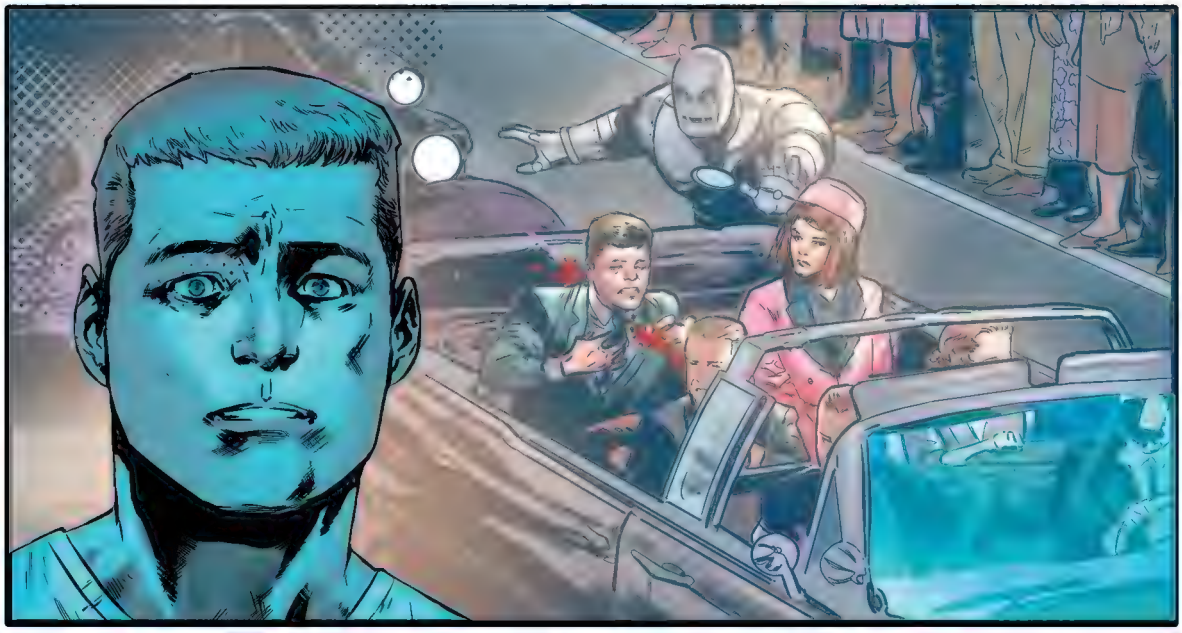

Unh!

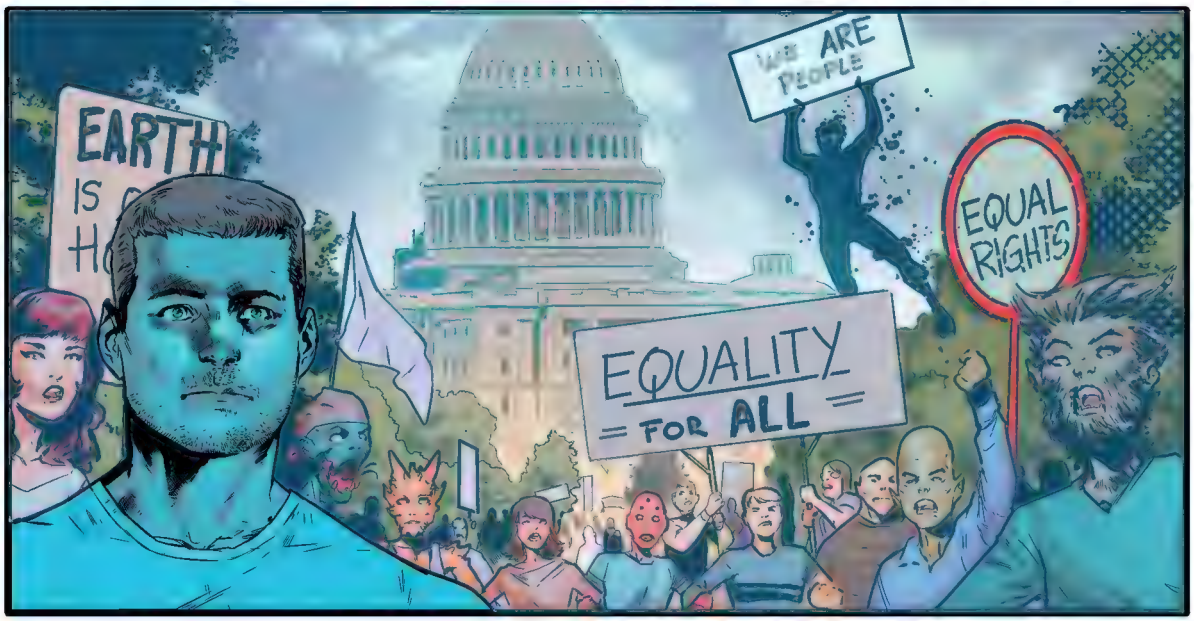

Oops!
CRUNCH

Ahhh, get off--!
Uh!

I'll give you a choice: with, or through.
Come in, come in!

Welcome to the White House--brought to you by Midas!




EARTH
WE ARE PEOPLE
EQUAL RIGHTS
EQUALITY FOR ALL

Hey! That armor--!
Steady, Iron Lad.
I thought you'd like it, boy! After your family's betrayal, the Stark assets were there for the grabbing. Though I've made it my own.
That was my father's first--
Yes, a genuine collector's item! Osborn got the lion's share, but I had to have this. I could not resist owning a piece of history.
Tony, he's just trying to throw you off-balance--
On the subject of history... "Captain America," correct?
Welcome to my home, Captain. You've been here before, I assume.
Once or twice.
I took her in a sweetheart deal in '63. Motivated seller. The only catch was that I had to get rid of the old tenant myself. Messy business, real estate.
Do you like what I've done with the place?
No. I do not.
Well... it's a free country.

How many of them *are* there?!
Nothing *Wasp* and *Giant-Man* can't handle!
Now let's get down to *brass tacks,* gentlemen--my associates believe you and your *violent ideology* must be destroyed utterly. *Expunged from the earth.*
But I am a *businessman.* I do not *care* about ideology, violent or otherwise. So... *let's make a deal.*
No deals. We're here to save America.
HAHAHA!
Of course you are! But what *is* America?
Judging from the *colors* you wear, I suspect you take a narrow view. *My* vision is *wider.*
"America has *always* been more than the *United States.* Listen to these other old, forgotten names: *Central* America, *Latin* America, Canada, the Caribbean...
Just need to... catch...my breath.
By what? What *makes* America?
Commerce, Captain. That is the *real* America. The transmutation of *things* into *capital.*
"Each with its own countries, flags, governments and peoples. Separated by distance, language and culture. And yet *connected.*"

The boy knows, don't you, boy?
Iron Lad--
Amalgamation and capital! The boy knows!!!
Shut up--!
Above politics! Beyond sentiment! The fundamental exchange, and its perfect medium--money.
You fancy yourself an inventor, don't you, boy? Well, money is man's greatest invention! And its accumulation, man's noblest purpose! You must see that, if you see anything at all.
Such order as has been obtained anywhere has been obtained in the pursuit of wealth.
You sure like the sound of your own voice, don't you? Here's a deal: We know what you're doing in the basement. And we're putting a stop to it.
So...with or through?
Ah.

DON'T
WALK

This is private property! And I have the right to defend myself!
I should know, I paid extra for it!
Okay. Through.
Iron Lad! We're going through!
Oh. Right. Are you sure? It takes a lot of--
America? I am a member of the Hellfire Club in good standing-- an organization whose membership included several Founding Fathers!
CLANG
Don't speak to me of America!
Do it, Iron Lad!

KRAKOOOOOM
ZUUUUUMM
My god.

Beautiful, isn't she? My *love.* My good-time gal. My bright and shining *star.*
That's *cosmic radiation* all around her--she produces it *naturally.*
I have bathed in her light for one hour per day, *every* day, since we found her. She has changed me, as all great loves do.
We believe she fell from the *future.* The victim of some sort of... *violent expulsion.* Or perhaps an escape gone wrong.
We don't know much. She's never spoken to us. Not one word. *Not even her name.*
Nevertheless, I am an *ultrapreneur.* I always find a way to turn a profit.
Wasp and Giant-Man are out. Iron Lad, take--
I can't. I tried to tell you--that took everything I had. I'm down to *basic functions.*
Power-saver mode activated.

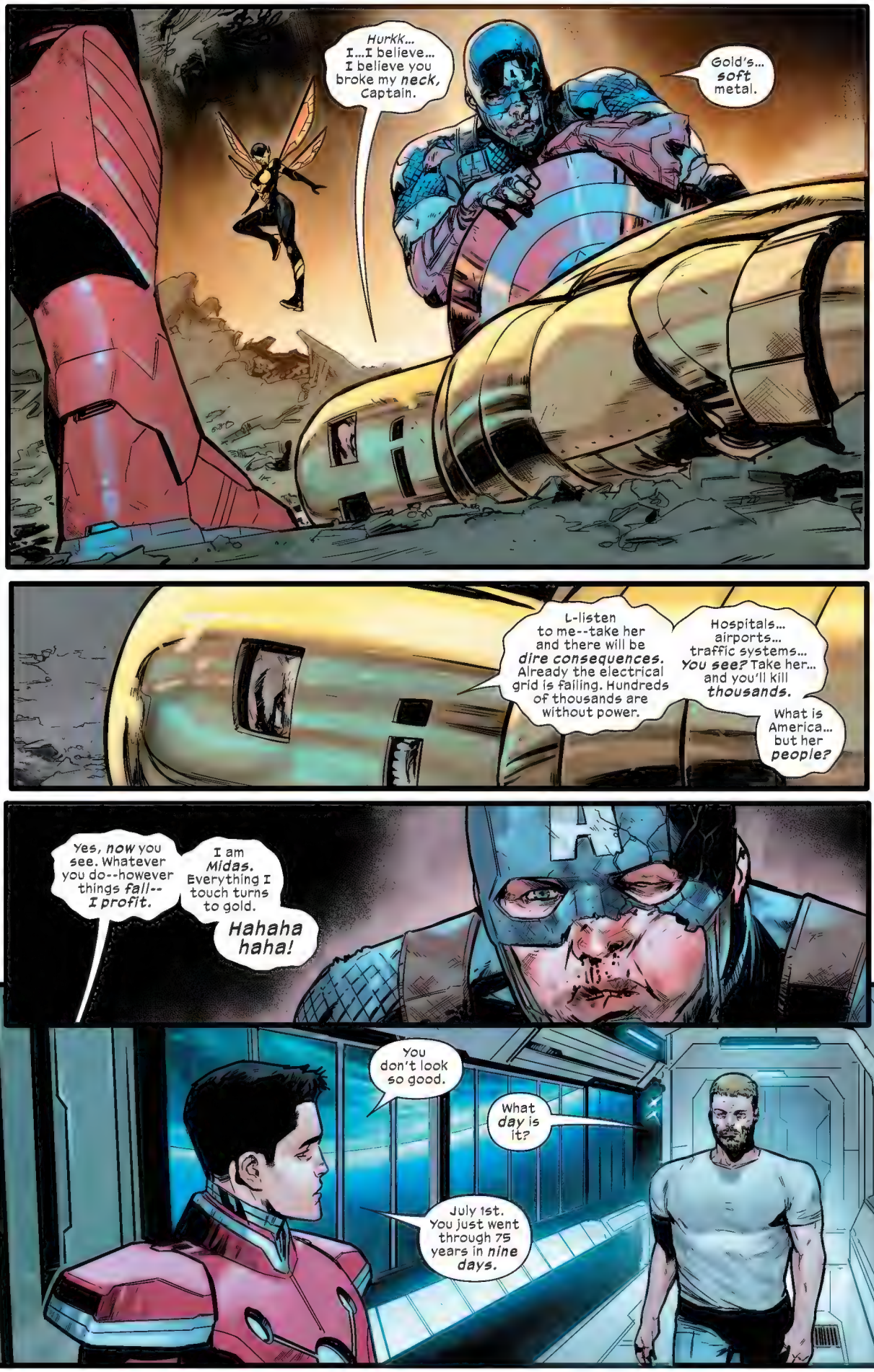
From her self-repairing clothes, we made a cosmic-ray shielding lighter than *cotton*, for use on interstellar space shuttles.
From compounds we found in her *blood*, we derived the cure for *all remaining cancers*-- Midas scientists are currently turning it into a lifelong *daily treatment* at $10,000 a dose...
And she's powering half of Maryland and Virginia. Not to mention this *armor*.
Here, Captain. *I give* you America.
CLANG
STARK STANE

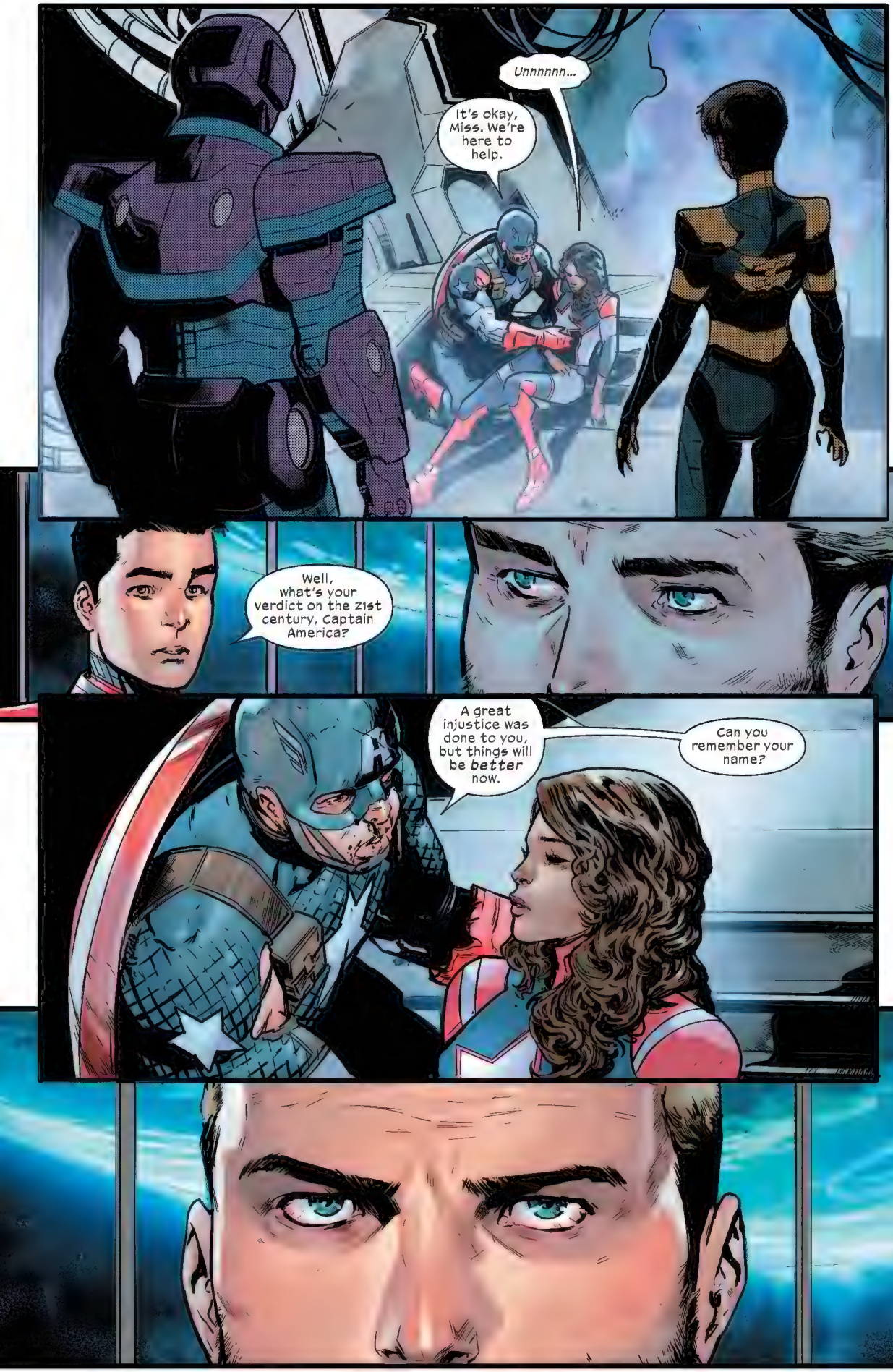
ZAMMM
Have to...save... America.
Save it? You barely know the place!
The men who discovered America--Cortés, Columbus--these were pirates and warlords.
Hurk!
That's not a criticism! On the contrary! I'm not in the business of looking back in judgment. It's nothing to be ashamed of.
Ooooh...
It is the very nature of this land to be violated... for maximum value to be extracted.
Like ore from the earth.

Are your eyes so swollen you can't see where we are? Slaves *built* this place! Men and women were all but bought and sold on the White House lawn!
The United States was a fine idea for its time, but it *served* its purpose. We cut out what was *difficult* and kept only what was *profitable.*
Free... America...
We give them freedom from *want.* That's *real* freedom.
CRUNCH
The United States of America is dead! Long live the North American Union and Regional Subsidiaries!
Rolls right off the tongue. [redacted]...
By the way...
ZRRRTTTT
...gold is *tacky.*

SHZZUUUMMMMMM
NO!!!

He's lost his power source!
Quiet, boy! I'll kill you wearing your father's skin!
You cannot have her, you understand?!
She is mine! I love her!
Love her?
CRACK
Program complete.
You don't even know her name.


Hurkk... I...I believe... I believe you broke my neck, Captain.
Gold's... soft metal.
L-listen to me--take her and there will be dire consequences. Already the electrical grid is failing. Hundreds of thousands are without power.
Hospitals... airports... traffic systems... You see? Take her... and you'll kill thousands.
What is America... but her people?
Yes, now you see. Whatever you do--however things fall-- I profit.
I am Midas. Everything I touch turns to gold.
Hahaha haha!
You don't look so good.
What day is it?
July 1st. You just went through 75 years in nine days.


Unnnnnn...
It's okay, Miss. We're here to help.
Well, what's your verdict on the 21st century, Captain America?
A great injustice was done to you, but things will be *better* now.
Can you remember your name?

America...
SIXTEEN MONTHS REMAINING...

THE ULTIMATES 3

PACIFIC PROVING GROUNDS.
THE BIRTH OF THE HULK.

CONFIDENTIAL

No. 62 of 400 Copies

TO: CASTLE GAMMA 3.1 OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE

Operation Castle Gamma: Report #1

By
[redacted] MC, NAN
[redacted] MD, PhD
[redacted] MD, PhD
[redacted] MD, PhD
[redacted] Lt. Col, MC

Following the detonation of the Banner-Ulam Gamma Bomb (final yield of 22.8 megatons) in [redacted] on [redacted] the nearby inhabited island of [redacted] was bathed in 80 million tons of radioactive fallout. Composed primarily of pulverized coral, water and gamma particles, it fell from the atmosphere as a fine, snow-like powder. 459 men and women were exposed, and the entire island was contaminated, making it the most gamma-concentrated area on Earth.

Though a smaller, and less direct, dose than the one experienced by Director Banner, longer-term exposure has already resulted in dramatic changes to both the flora and fauna. Specimens of *Hemidactylus frenatus*, *Emoia cyanura*, *Parapilumnus cristimanus*, *Carpilius convexus* and *Varanus tsukamotoi* were observed with mass 300% above normal range. The impact on the vegetation appears even greater, with entirely new species observed every day. Attached, you will find detailed notes, photos and measurements of mutations found, but to put it simply: Everything is getting bigger and more aggressive. So much so that the men have started calling it Monster Island.

The effect on the human population has been unpredictable and particular. Some subjects showed immediate signs of gamma sickness. This was especially true of the children, many of whom had innocently rubbed radioactive dust into their skin. Just one day post-exposure, ragged burns rose up on their bodies, described as angry reflections of the island itself (see attached photos). These subjects exhibited vomiting, increased stool production, hair loss, writhing, begging, shrieking, disorientation, aggression and anxiety. Within 14 days, half of all human subjects were dead. Necropsy was performed, and in all cases, cause of death was found to be gamma poisoning.

Minor physiological and behavioral changes were observed in some of the surviving cohort, while others appeared unaffected. Physiological changes included skin color and texture, unevenly distributed increases in mass (e.g., craniomegaly) and the appearance of morphological features associated with other species (gills, wings, hooves), which so far appear nonfunctional. Subject #054, an adolescent female with suction cups covering approx. 20% of her body, was sacrificed moribund and her organs cataloged and preserved in formaldehyde for further study.

Ten of the females were pregnant at the time of exposure, and the babies were born prematurely, resembling piles of grapes or jellyfish. We observed translucent skin and beating hearts but no bones. These specimens were cataloged and preserved in formaldehyde for further study.

After just three weeks of observation, we feel confident this project will be of great scientific value, both to the world and to Director Banner. There is no better place to study gamma's effect on life in general and human life specifically. While it's true that these people do not live as we do—as civilized people do—it is also true that they are more like us than mice or fruit flies.

NOW.
RAAWWWRR!
GRRRRAWW!
ZZZZ KRAK
This must be it. Gamma readings are off the charts.
Yes. I feel it on my skin.
It reminds me of boyhood summers in Muspelheim.
Looks like we fried something getting here. But what was it? These islands aren't supposed to have lizards much bigger than a salamander.
Ah, scientists.

RAOOWR!
Masters of observation, all of you.
Amazing! That thing violates the square-cube law and half a dozen others! It shouldn't exist!
Don't worry, Iron Lad...
...we have much experience with giant serpents and things that should not exist.

ONE MINUTE LATER.
Pfah! I was expecting more of a fight!
You... you killed it.
Remind me to tell of how I vanquished the dragon who sought to swallow every star in the sky. Now there was a salamander worthy of a god.
Tsk. I cut open her celestial belly and rehung the sun before the Fimbulvetr set in.
You didn't have to kill it.

Stop hovering, Sif. I am in the bloom of health.
I am not "hovering."
Well, technically your feet aren't touching the ground...
I'll just save my observations for the island.
This place is unbelievable! Decades of gamma exposure have produced flora and fauna here like nothing else on Earth!
Look at the size of this *crab!* Did you know that the distinctive crab-body schema has evolved independently on at least *five* separate occasions?
God loves crabs!
SLASH

Not all gods.
Tsk. Stop doing that. Everything here could be sui generis--one of a kind. Every death is a potential extinction event.
You misunderstand the nature of this island. It is more than merely wild--this is a mad, poisoned place. A place at war with itself.
Don't you feel it?
It would destroy us if it could.
Listen--he wiped these islands off every map and sunk a reef of radioactive battleships to make it impossible to reach them by normal means.
I think he was born here.
Who?
"The strongest one there is. And he's hiding something."

CONFIDENTIAL

No. 1 of 2 Copies

TO: CASTLE GAMMA 3.1 OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE

OPERATION CASTLE GAMMA: REPORT #482

By
[redacted] MD, PhD

This is my final report.

There is no longer any "we." I'm the only one left alive.

Is anybody reading these? Is anybody there? Why haven't you sent someone? Why haven't you come?

As previously reported, most of the men died defending the research camp. The rest of us were forced to flee into the forest. I am writing this report huddled beneath the broad green leaves of something new and nameless, hiding from giant, carnivorous crabs and a malevolent colony of fire ants with collective intelligence far in excess of any man.

The ants stripped [redacted] and [redacted] to the bone, and the crabs took their time eating [redacted], as if savoring him. [redacted], [redacted] and [redacted] all fell victim to the man-eating flowers and their hypnotic pollen.

We came here to learn about the effects of gamma on biological life. Here are my findings: If you sent the entire Union army to pacify this place, it wouldn't be enough. There are insects here as big as B-2 bombers and much more deadly. There are lizards as tall as skyscrapers, with high-energy gamma waves for breath. There are things that eat those lizards for lunch.

This is not an island. It is a mouth. One that will swallow the world. There is nothing to learn here, except how to die.

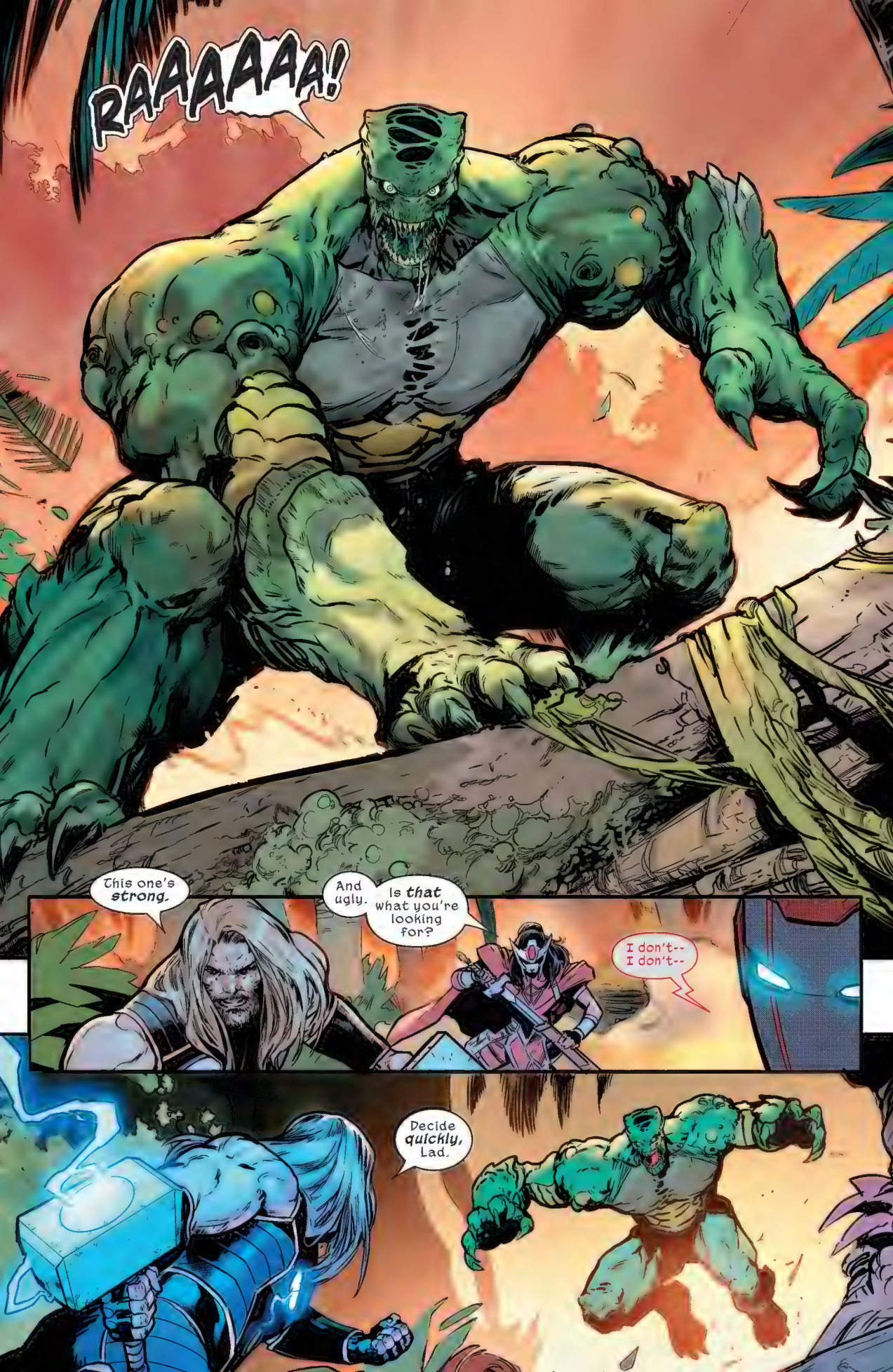
As I write this, it occurs to me that we were part of the experiment all along. That everything that has happened here has been part of Director Banner's plan. We are all subjects to them—will never be anything more than subjects.

I understand now how wrong we were to come here. To do any of this. Would it do any good now to apologize? To say that I have changed? I don't think so.

But I have changed. Am changing. Nearly three weeks without my radiation suit, eating and drinking and breathing the island. I feel something strange growing inside me. Will I shed my skin to become something sleek and new and blameless? Or will I become something worse than before? I am afraid.

Of course you haven't come. Why would you? This is where we belonged from the beginning. The island of monsters.

Everything here is completely saturated in gamma. I've never seen readings like this.
I hope you two don't want kids.
It is not a question of want. It is foretold: I will have children, strong and full of wrath.
They will see the end of days and build the new--
RUNK
Hhhhh!
Hrrk!
CLUNK
Unh!
CLAP
Hhh!
Who--?!
Oh [redacted].


RAAAAAA!
This one's strong.
And ugly.
Is that what you're looking for?
I don't-- I don't--
Decide quickly, Lad.

OOOuuuu!
WHOMP
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
CRACK
It barely notices!

KRACKADOOM
I'm afraid it looks like another extinction, Lad!
STOP!

I am Lejori Joena Zakaria, protector of this atoll and *everything* on it.
You are *intruders.* Stop--*now*--or accept my *consequences.*
Well, she is uncommonly eloquent for a monster. And *comely.*
Wait! We just want to talk! We mean no harm!
Hmmph! I've heard *this* before. *Shush,* now. *Shush.*
Ak eo Lik eo Jakeo Lik Eo Jan Jinme Ak eo...
Ak eo Lik eo Jakeo Lik Eo Jan Jinme Ak eo...
Ak eo Lik eo Jakeo Lik Eo Jan Jinme Ak eo...

They said they selected us for our good weather and large lagoons and our many islands for support facilities.
I was a girl when they came. Little men in white coats, surrounded by big men in green with guns.
They offered us money and promised us houses, medicine and the protection of the world governments.
They swore that once all their bombs had been dropped and all their experiments had been done and all their wars had been won...
...they would clean up after themselves and everything would be as it was.
"Trust us." he said. Banner. The so-called "doctor."
We did not believe them and refused. They dropped their bombs anyway.
And left us to live in the fallout.
So there are others like you? I knew it! Don't you see? This could change the balance of world power! An Incredible Hulk Army!
Oh, yes, there are more of us. Come and see.

Here-- your "Hulk Army."
This is Tara. She feels everything. The most gentle breeze is agony. For her, life is pain.
You want to put a gun in her hand? Holding it will be torture.
This is Sorry. He cannot speak or feed himself. We think he got lost in his own big thoughts.
He gives no indication that he understands or even sees us. Do you think he will be good for following orders?

And you *met* Abram. He is the youngest. Still just a baby, but when he gets upset...
He ripped his own mother apart in a *tantrum.*
He is *innocent.* How could he understand what he did? What will he do when he is *old enough* to understand?
We are the *lucky* ones. The ones who *survive.*
All of us are sick. And changed *forever.* Even the *sand* is sick here. We--we are afraid to have children...of what they will *become.*
In the summer, a family needs one hundred coconuts a day for drinking water. But the coconuts are *contaminated.* The water burns your throat.
So what are we supposed to drink?
Tell me: What are we supposed to drink?

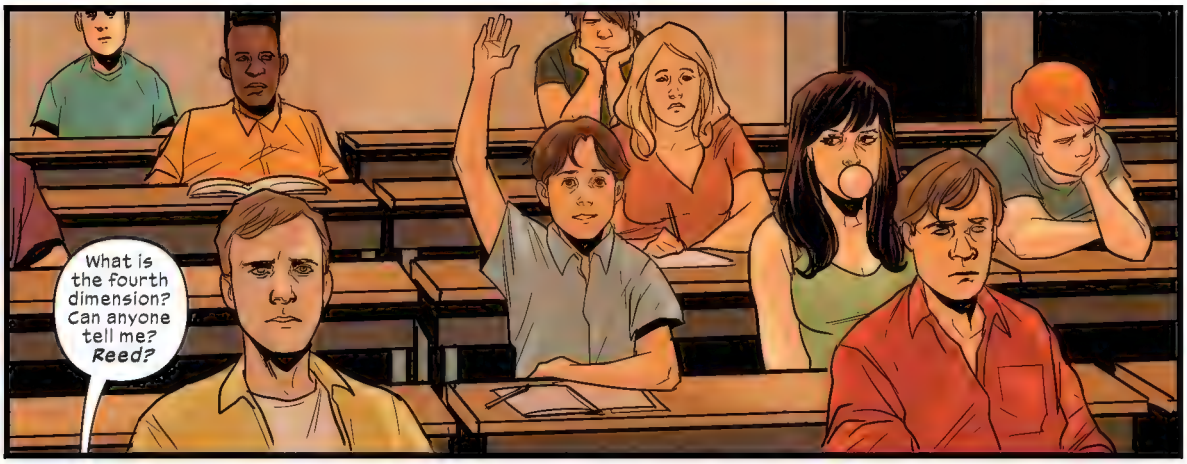
God, I'm... I'm sorry. I don't mean to be insensitive, but...
...you show a level of self-control that Banner only achieved with *years* of guidance from the greatest psychologists, spiritualists and mystics in the world!
You're *smart.* And *strong,* like he is.
Yes. Most, the radiation kills or weakens. A few it makes strong.
And there's no sense or reason to any of it. No justice.
That's what we're *fighting* for. We're--
I know who you are. The Ultimates. Terrorists.
How?
We have TV. How do you think we learned English?
We need you in this war.
We've suffered enough for other people's wars.
This war is *everyone's* war.
Yours more than most.

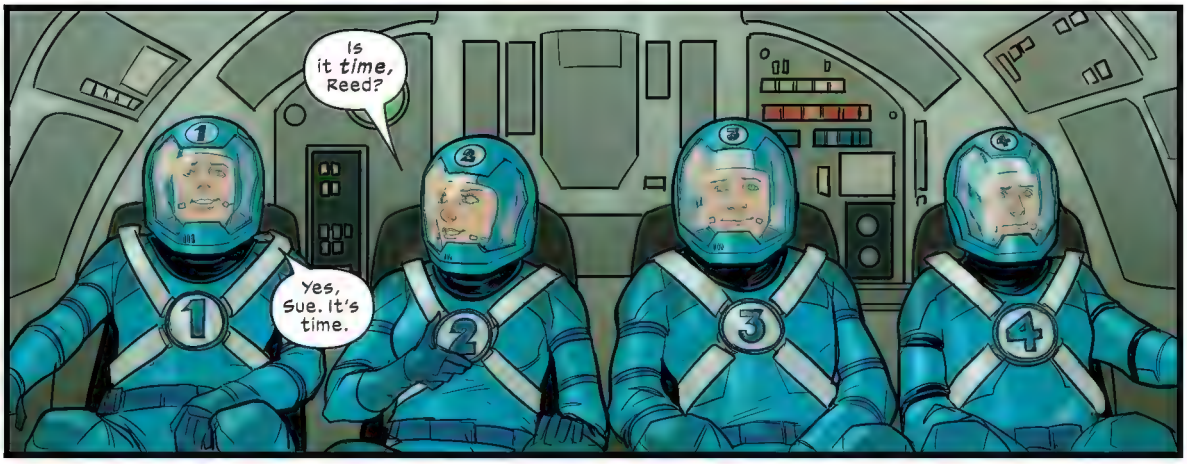
What if we helped you? Maybe we can...move you somewhere. Somewhere--
We will not leave. Ever. This is our Lamoran. Our ancestral land. We would rather die here than live somewhere else.
It's one of the awful contradictions of this place. The land that kills us and that we'd die to defend.
And anyway, Banner would never allow it.
How can you just do nothing? After everything he's done...doesn't it make you angry?
...Angry?
"Have you ever seen someone die of gamma poisoning, Iron Lad? It is a slow, painful death, full of confusion, rage and change.
"We've seen it hundreds of times.
"I watched foul mouths with crooked yellow teeth grow on my mother's body, and saw my father sprout feathers and attempt to escape into the sky."
Every day, they were brand-new people. And though we never left their sides--not even for a moment, not even once--still they died completely alone. Unimaginable even to themselves.
Angry? We were born into the wounded belly of the world.
You can't imagine my anger. What has been done to us is an abomination. But I won't allow you to use our anger. We have been used enough.

You want my *strength?* You want my *rage?* Then you'll have to *pay* for it.
Well... I don't have the *resources* my father--
Fix our island. Make it like it was before the bombs.
If you do this for us...then I'll *show* you strength.
I don't know if that's even--I mean, a massive remediation job...scraping the topsoil off the *entire island*...
...and repeated applications of potassium fertilizer, *tons* of it...all under Banner's nose...
This is my price. *Fix the land.*
You said from the beginning you wanted to fix the world, didn't you?
"No...no, it just won't do."

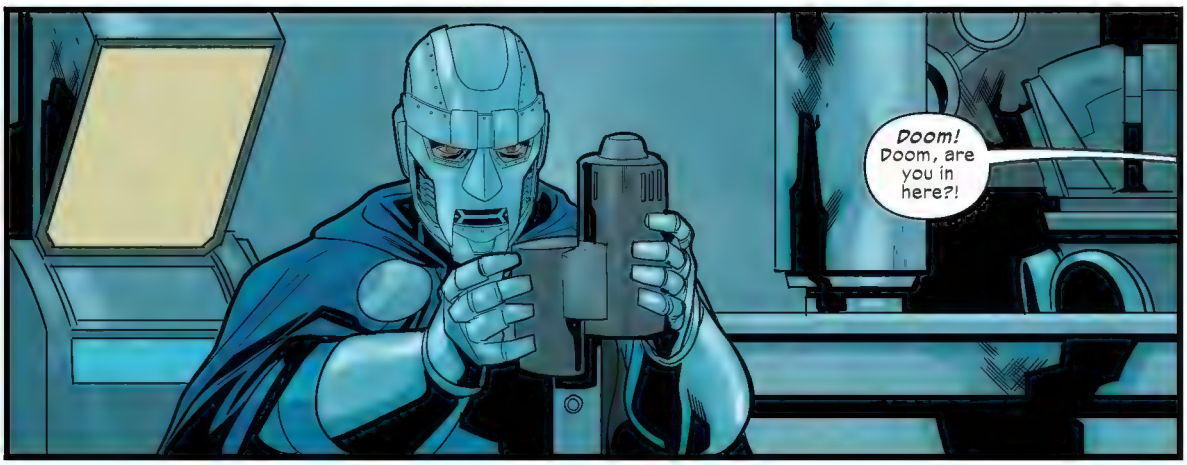
Trespassing on sacred land... interfering with long-running experiments... forging destabilizing alliances...
Assemble the *Immortal Weapons.*
These "Ultimates" are starting to make me *angry.*
FIFTEEN MONTHS REMAINING...

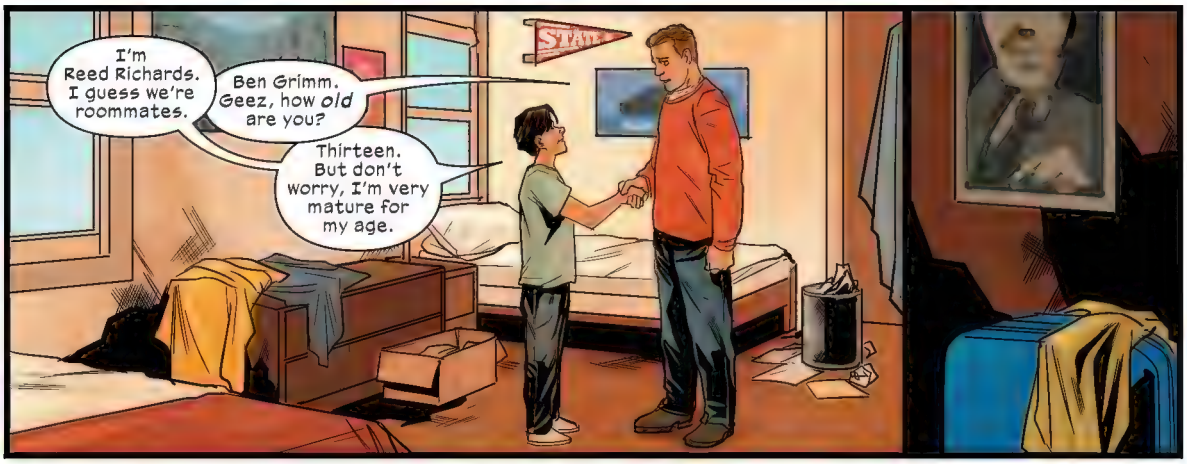
THE ULTIMATES 4


What is the fourth dimension? Can anyone tell me? Reed?

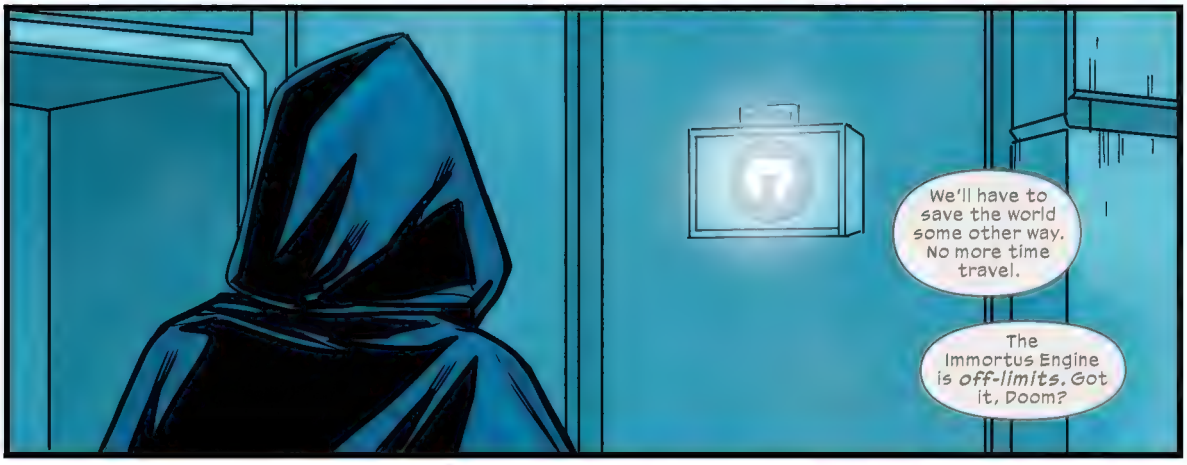

Is it time, Reed?
Yes, Sue. It's time.

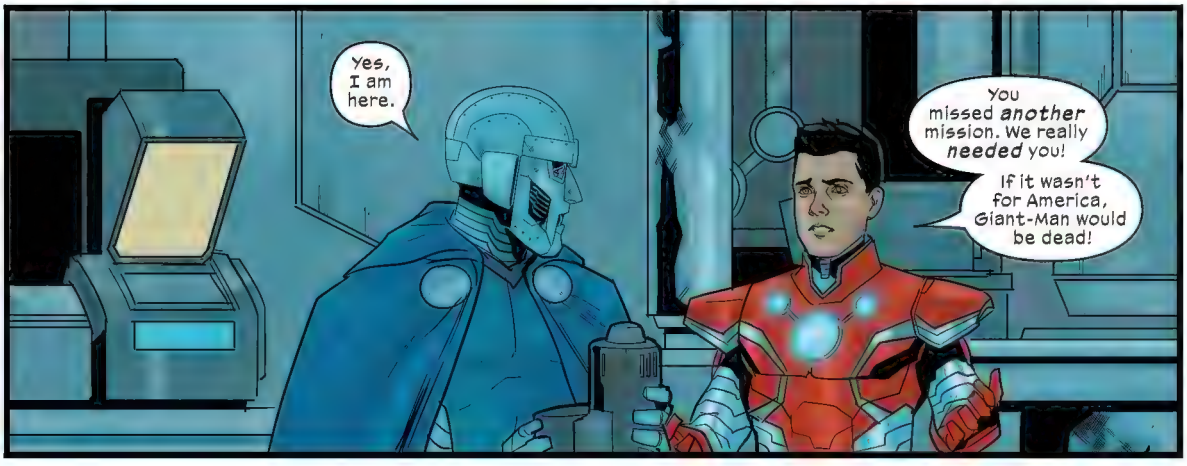
You'll have to think in four dimensions if you want to change the world, Iron Lad.
We have a time machine. We can fix it.


Doom! Doom, are you in here?!

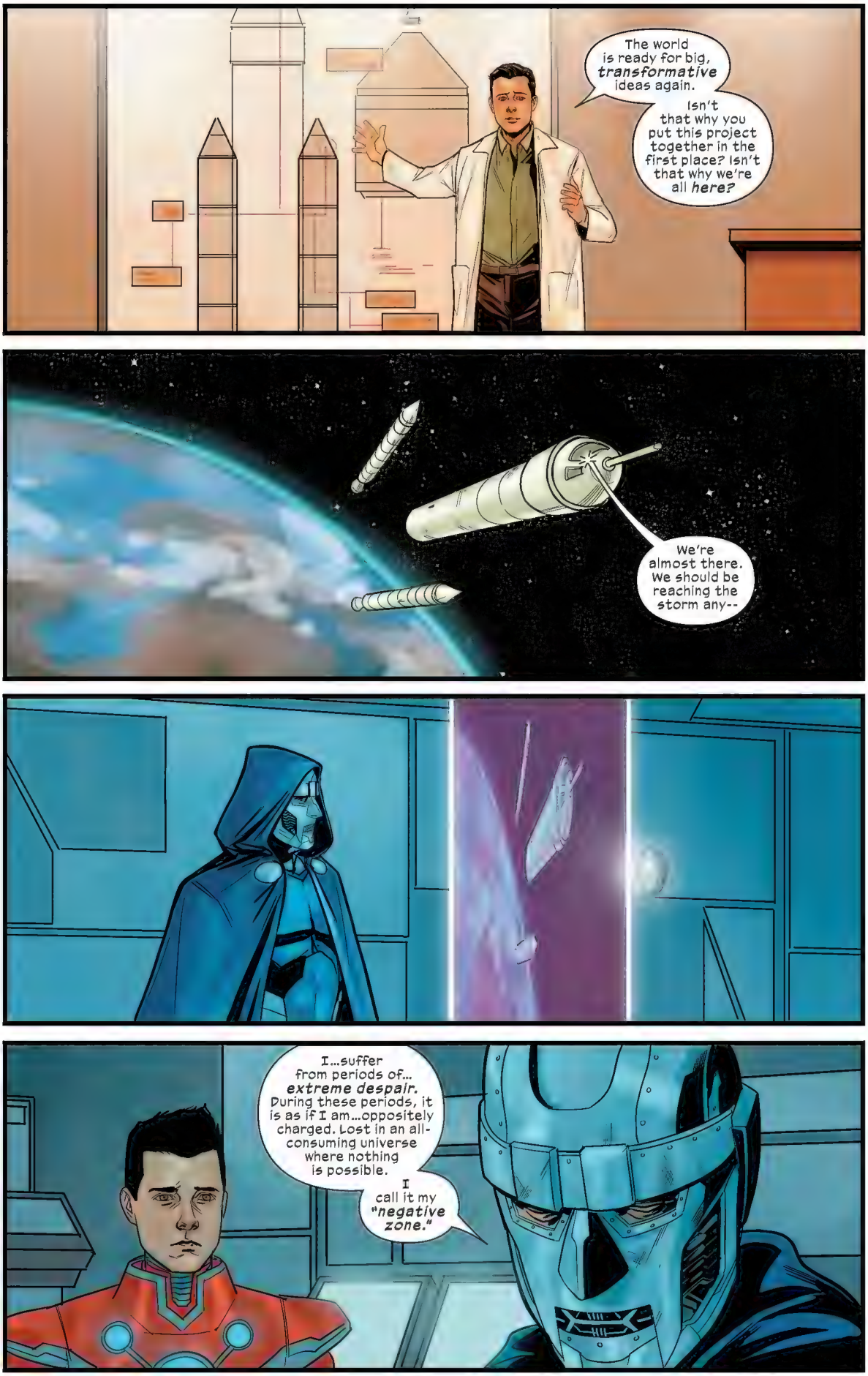

I'm Reed Richards. I guess we're roommates.
Ben Grimm. Geez, how *old* are you?
Thirteen. But don't worry, I'm very mature for my age.

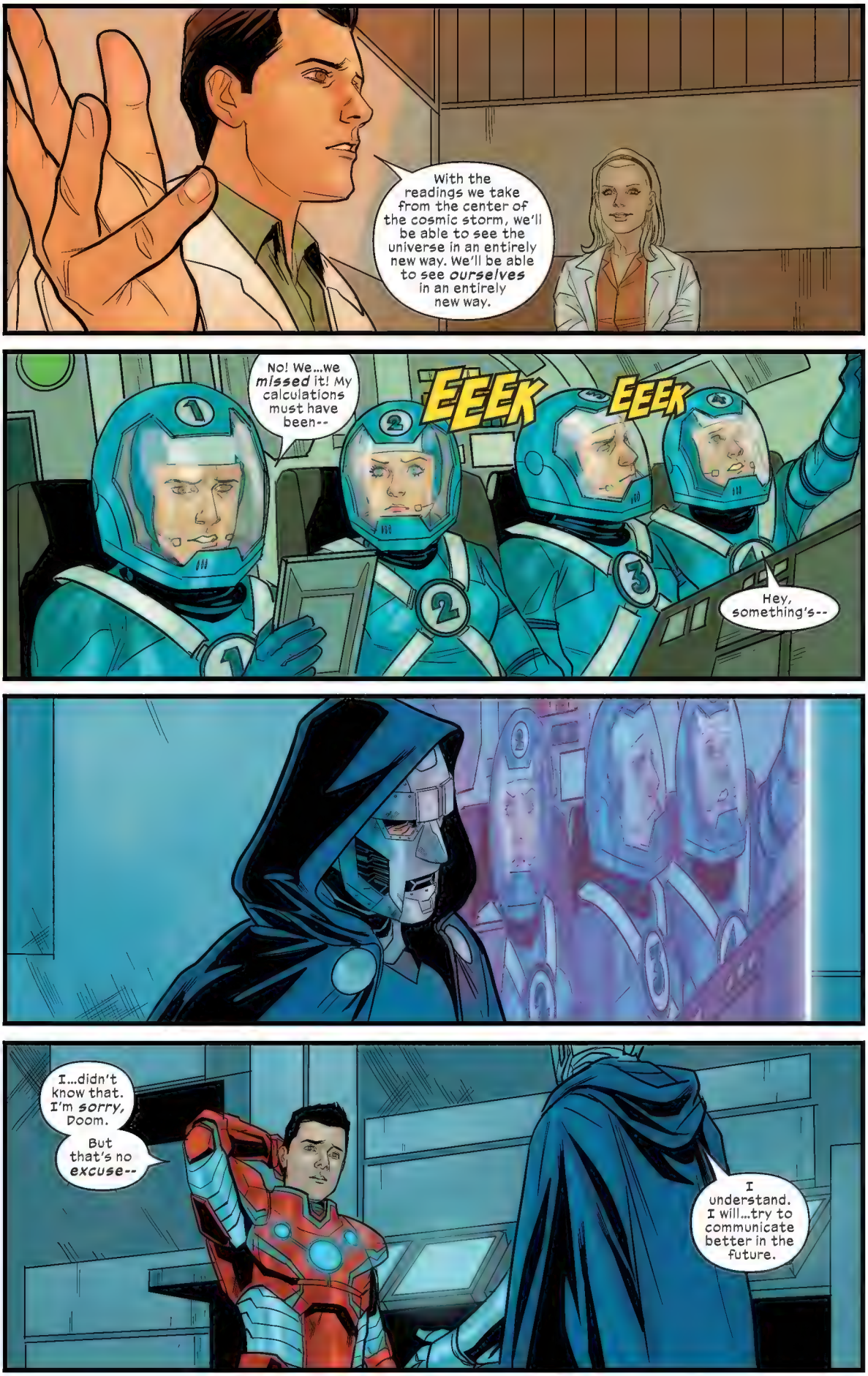
I wish I had time to check my calculations once more, but if we want to get readings from inside the cosmic storm, it's *now or never.*
When you're ready, Ben.
CLACK


We'll have to save the world some other way. No more time travel.
The Immortus Engine is *off-limits.* Got it, Doom?


Yes, I am here.
You missed *another* mission. We really *needed* you!
If it wasn't for America, Giant-Man would be dead!

I'm Susan Storm.
I...
RUMMMMBLEEEE
ZZZZMMMMM
What happened to your hands?
I injured them...in an experiment.
What have you been doing, Doom?

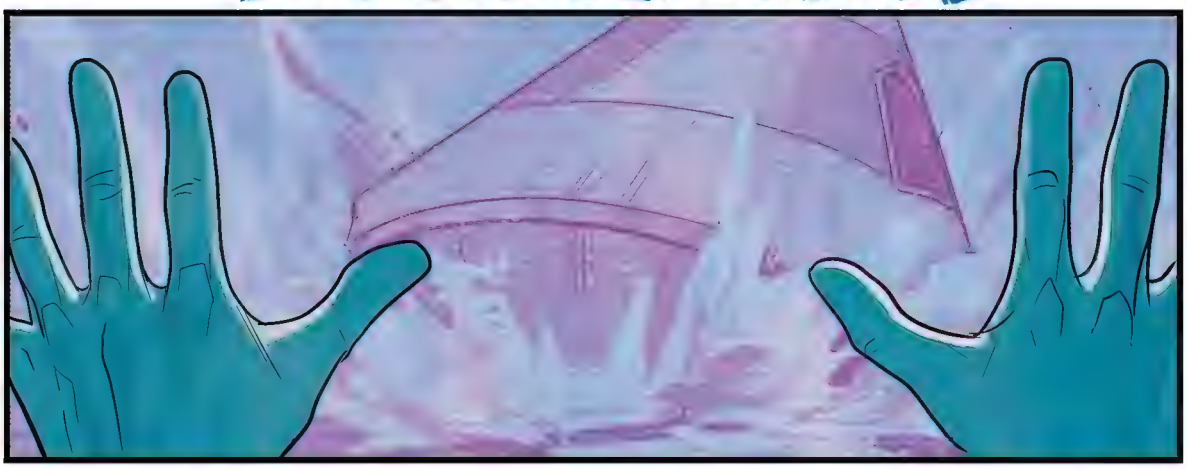

The world is ready for big, *transformative* ideas again.
Isn't that why you put this project together in the first place? Isn't that why we're all *here?*
We're almost there. We should be reaching the storm any--
I...suffer from periods of... *extreme despair.* During these periods, it is as if I am...oppositely charged. Lost in an all-consuming universe where nothing is possible.
I call it my *"negative zone."*

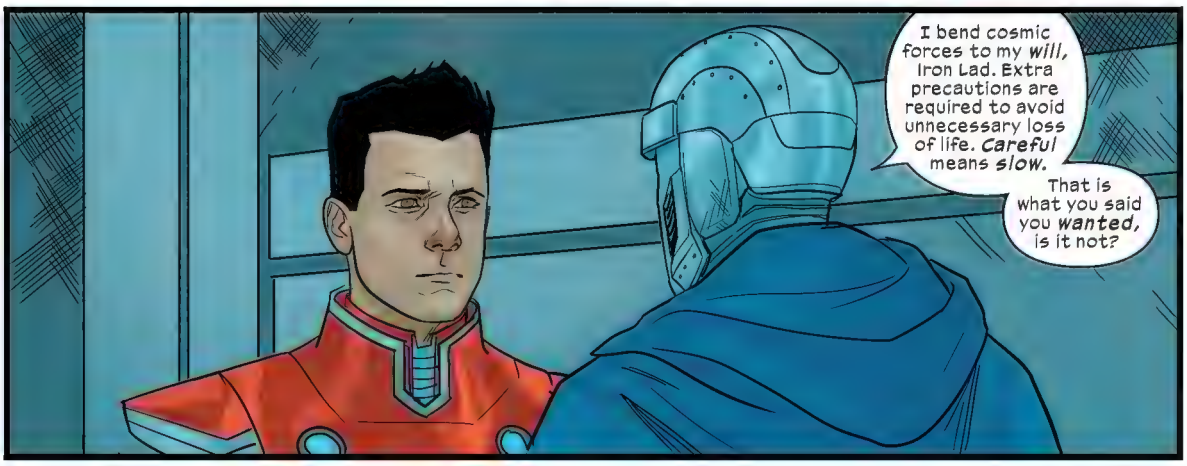

With the readings we take from the center of the cosmic storm, we'll be able to see the universe in an entirely new way. We'll be able to see *ourselves* in an entirely new way.
No! We...we *missed* it! My calculations must have been--
EEEK
EEEK
Hey, something's--
I...didn't know that. I'm *sorry*, Doom.
But that's no *excuse*--
I understand. I will...try to communicate better in the future.

So, this is the guy? My sister won't shut up about you, Reed!
Johnny!
Johnny!!!
FWOOOSH
Events before we disabled the Maker's temporal shields are out of reach. For now.
There are high walls around the past.
Aiiiieeee!
You know, if you want someone to talk to, my dad made me this thing as a kid--
Work on Project 4 continues. As we discussed.
Still? I thought you'd have moved on by now.

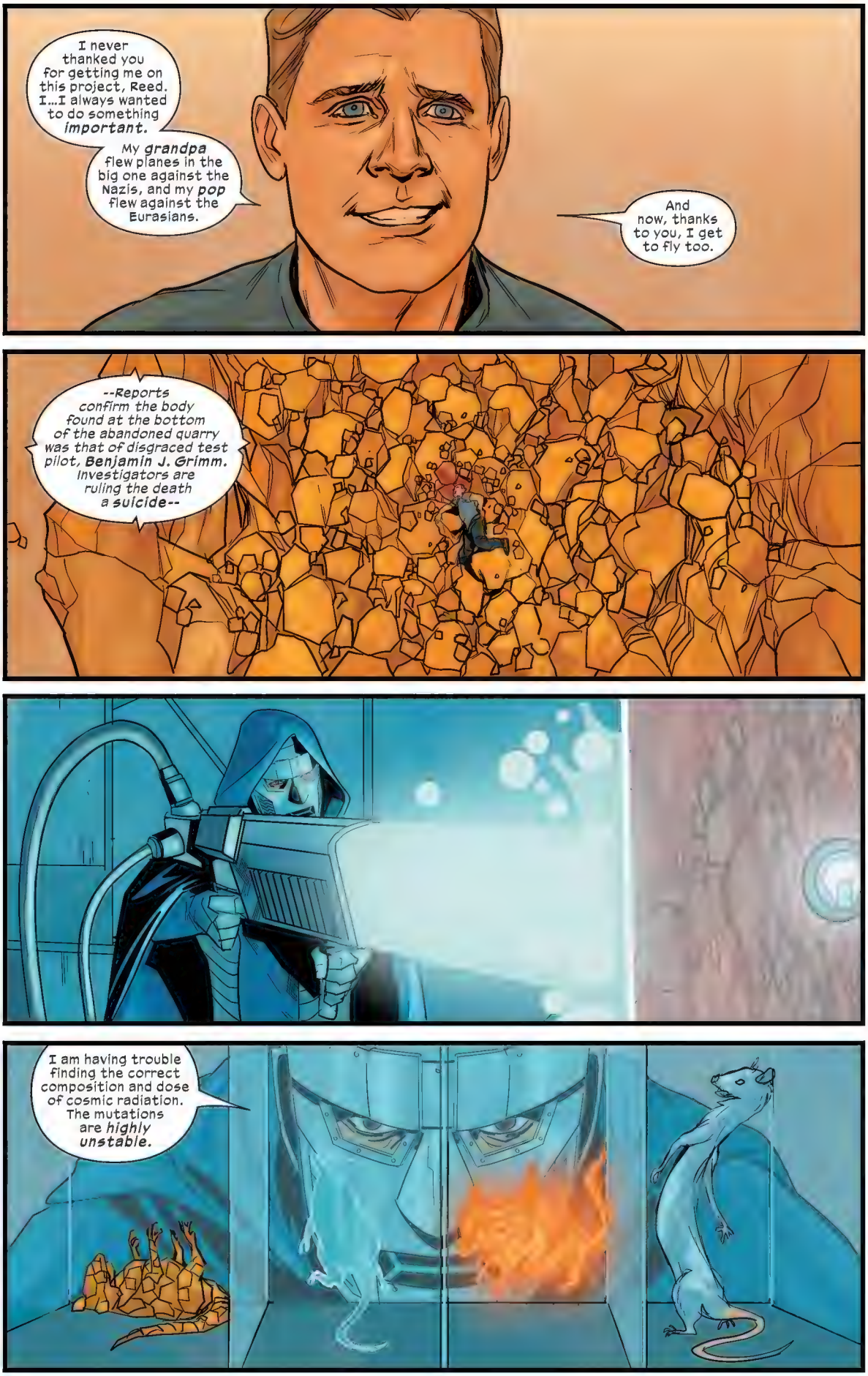
But Dad...
No. You have been spending money at an absurd rate. As director of this project, it's my job to bring you both back to Earth.

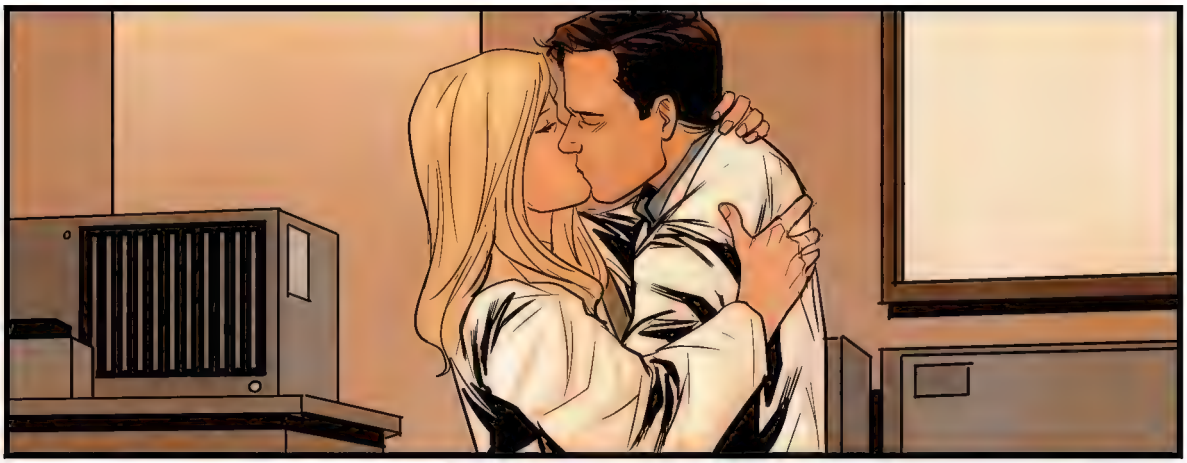
CRAAASSHSZLLE

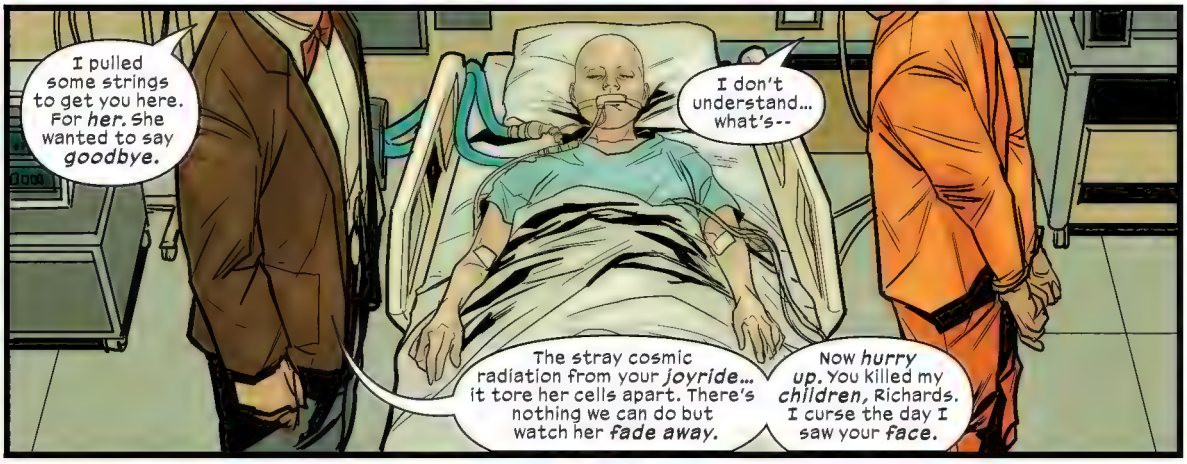


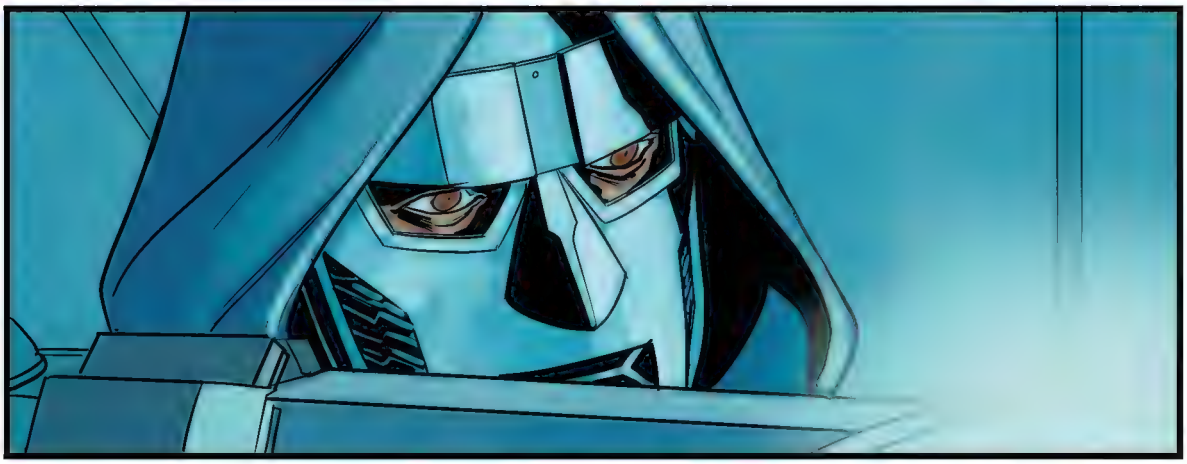

I bend cosmic forces to my *will*, Iron Lad. Extra precautions are required to avoid unnecessary loss of life. *Careful* means *slow*.
That is what you said you *wanted*, is it not?

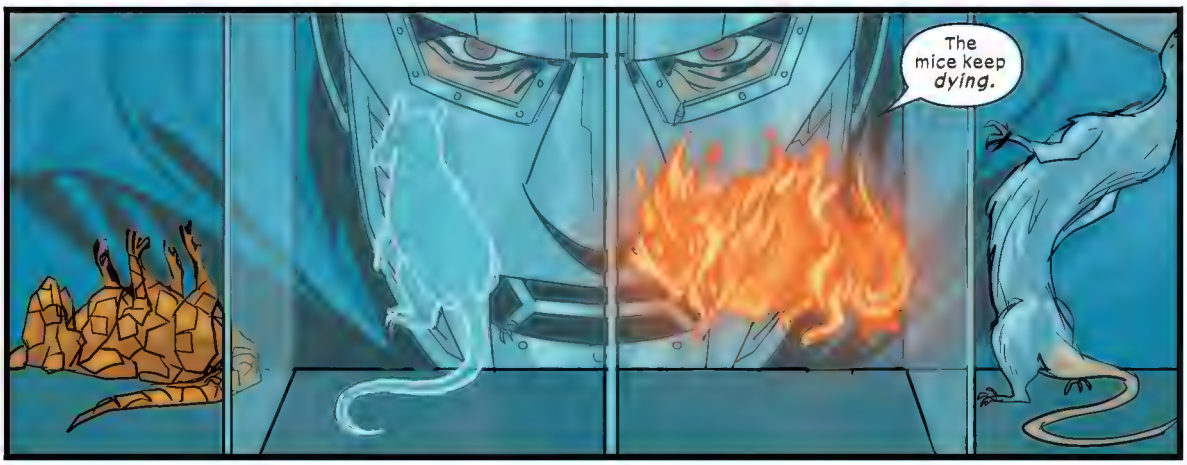
This is a scheduled review of your security clearance, Dr. Richards. Only a formality.
Have you done anything in the last six months that would jeopardize the secrecy or success of this project?
You three just destroyed a ten-billion-dollar project and broke a hundred laws of the North American Union. Not to mention getting a *minor* killed.
We're still working out exactly how to try you given the top-secret nature of this facility, but all of you are going to jail for the *rest* of your *lives*.
Now *wait* a minute, that's my *daughter*--
The Maker's work is not so easily *un*made.
I have been *working*. Progress has been *made*. As you can see.

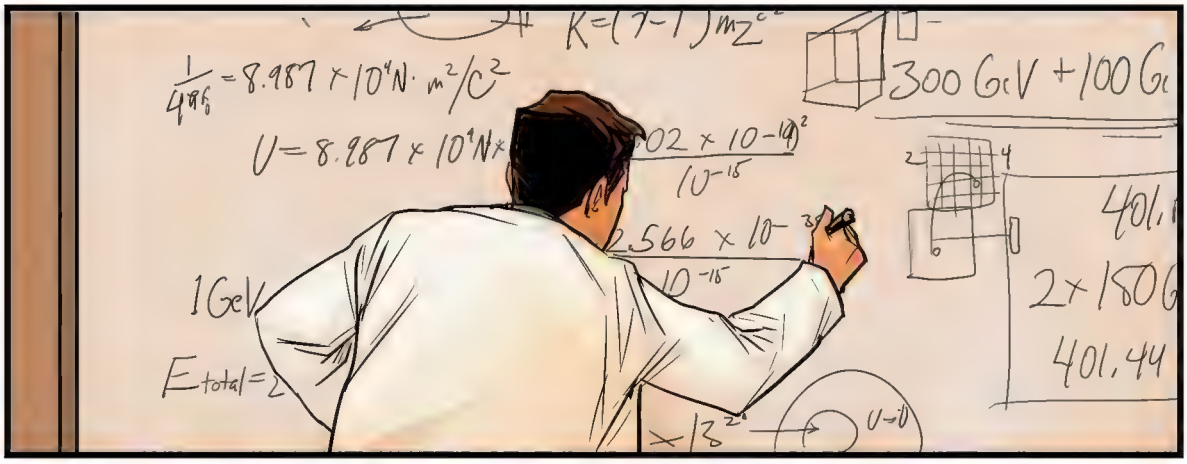

I never thanked you for getting me on this project, Reed. I...I always wanted to do something *important.*
My *grandpa* flew planes in the big one against the Nazis, and my *pop* flew against the Eurasians.
And now, thanks to you, I get to fly too.
--Reports confirm the body found at the bottom of the abandoned quarry was that of disgraced test pilot, *Benjamin J. Grimm.* Investigators are ruling the death a *suicide*--
I am having trouble finding the correct composition and dose of cosmic radiation. The mutations are *highly unstable.*




I pulled some strings to get you here. For *her.* She wanted to say *goodbye.*
I don't understand... what's--
The stray cosmic radiation from your *joyride...* it tore her cells apart. There's nothing we can do but watch her *fade away.*
Now *hurry up.* You killed my *children,* Richards. I curse the day I saw your *face.*

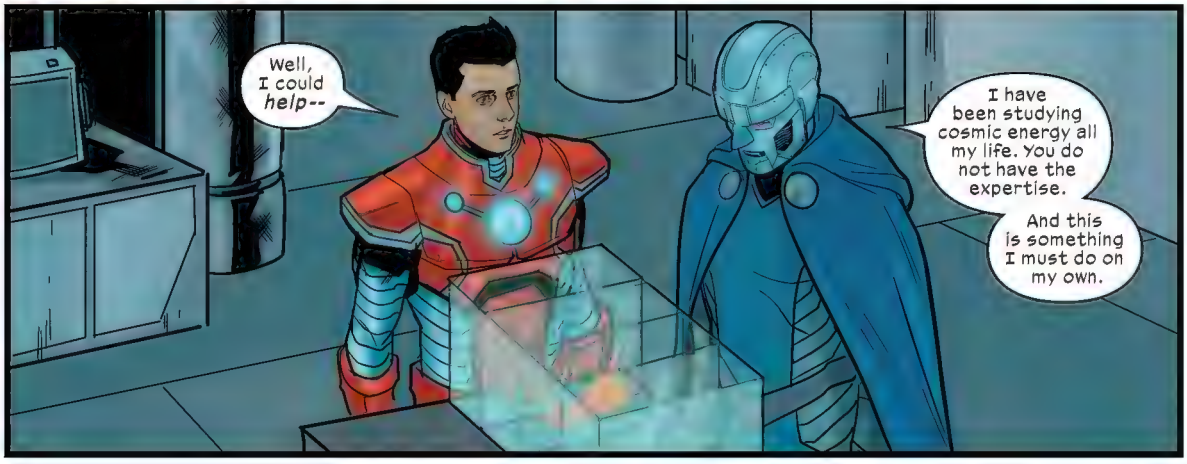



The mice keep *dying.*


300 GeV +100 G
1GeV

Hello, Doom. Welcome to your brand-new universe.

The past is off-limits.

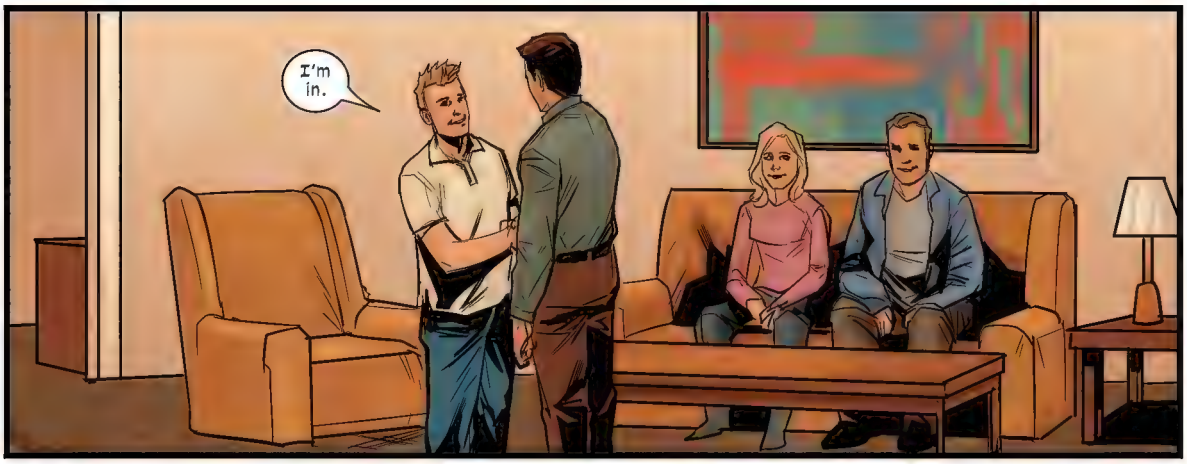

Well, I could help--
I have been studying cosmic energy all my life. You do not have the expertise.
And this is something I must do on my own.

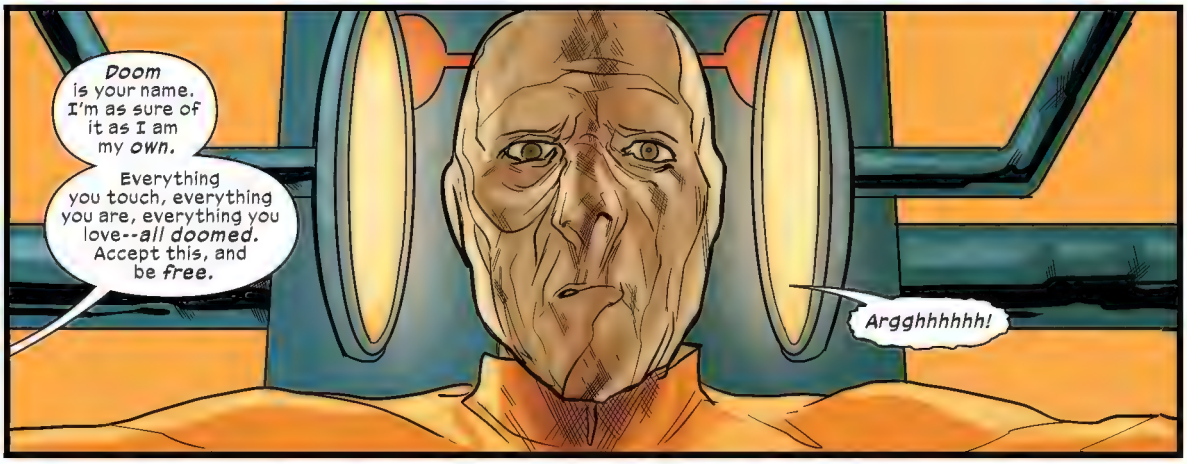
They're shutting down the project. You're wildly over budget and failing safety inspections... The board of directors doesn't see the practical applications--
They can't do this!
What's... what's going on? Where am I? How did I...
...how long have I been here...? Has it been months or just a few minutes?
Doom, Doom, Doom. I control the fourth dimension.
I can squeeze centuries of pain into just a few thin moments. I can make a single conversation last a lifetime.
For now.
Don't be stubborn, Doom! We can't let your ego jeopardize--
The billionaire boy-king, pampered since the womb, accuses me of ego? Me?
It is you who jeopardize the cause! Your arbitrary, irrational decision to abandon the Immortus Engine and all of time--

Please, there's--there's been some kind of *mistake.* I'm not supposed to be here. I'm not this--this--this...*Doom.*
Not *this* again! We *killed* people--destroyed lives!
And how many have *they* killed? How many lives has the *Maker* destroyed?

This was years of my life! Years of *our* lives!
I won't let them do this! Not when we're so close! Are you *with* me?
There's been some mistake! My name is *Reed* *Richaaarggghh!*
I am the Maker. I do not *make* mistakes.
BOOOM
Don't lecture me. I've lost--
Nothing. You have lost nothing. You don't know the *meaning* of the word. Perhaps one day you will...
...but, Anthony, I really *hope* not.

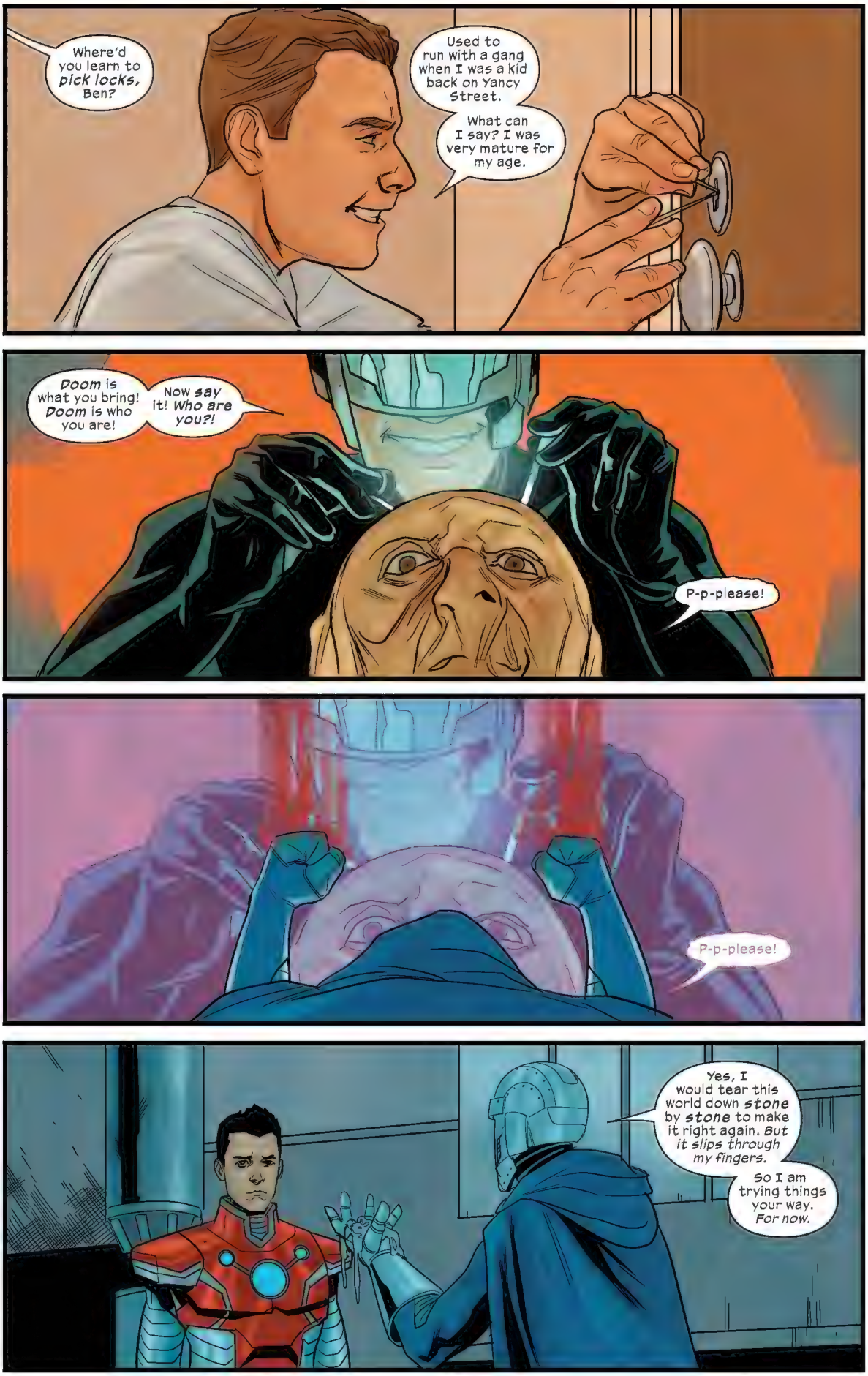
Dean said "no." We were supposed to be a crew of nine, but we'll need at least four to run the ship's basic operations.
What about your brother, Johnny?
You make mistakes, don't you, Doom? Mistakes that kill friends, ruin lives.
Mistakes that blow up in your face. That's you, Doom.
Please! Please, I'm Reed, I'm Reed...
...please, why are you doing this...?
I have always felt...incomplete. That something was missing. Even as a boy.
When I read the Maker's files, I at last saw the shape of this absence.

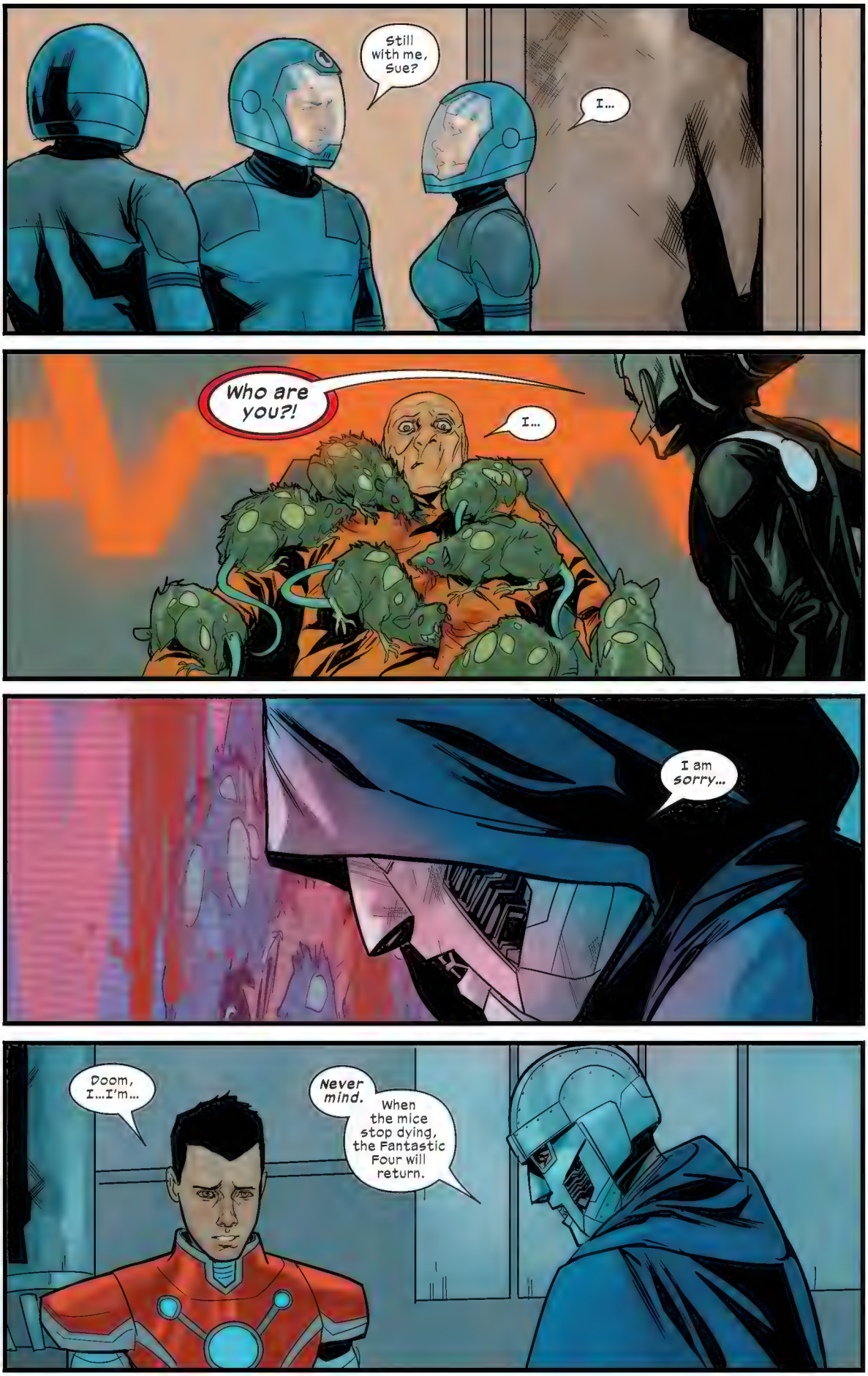

I'm in.

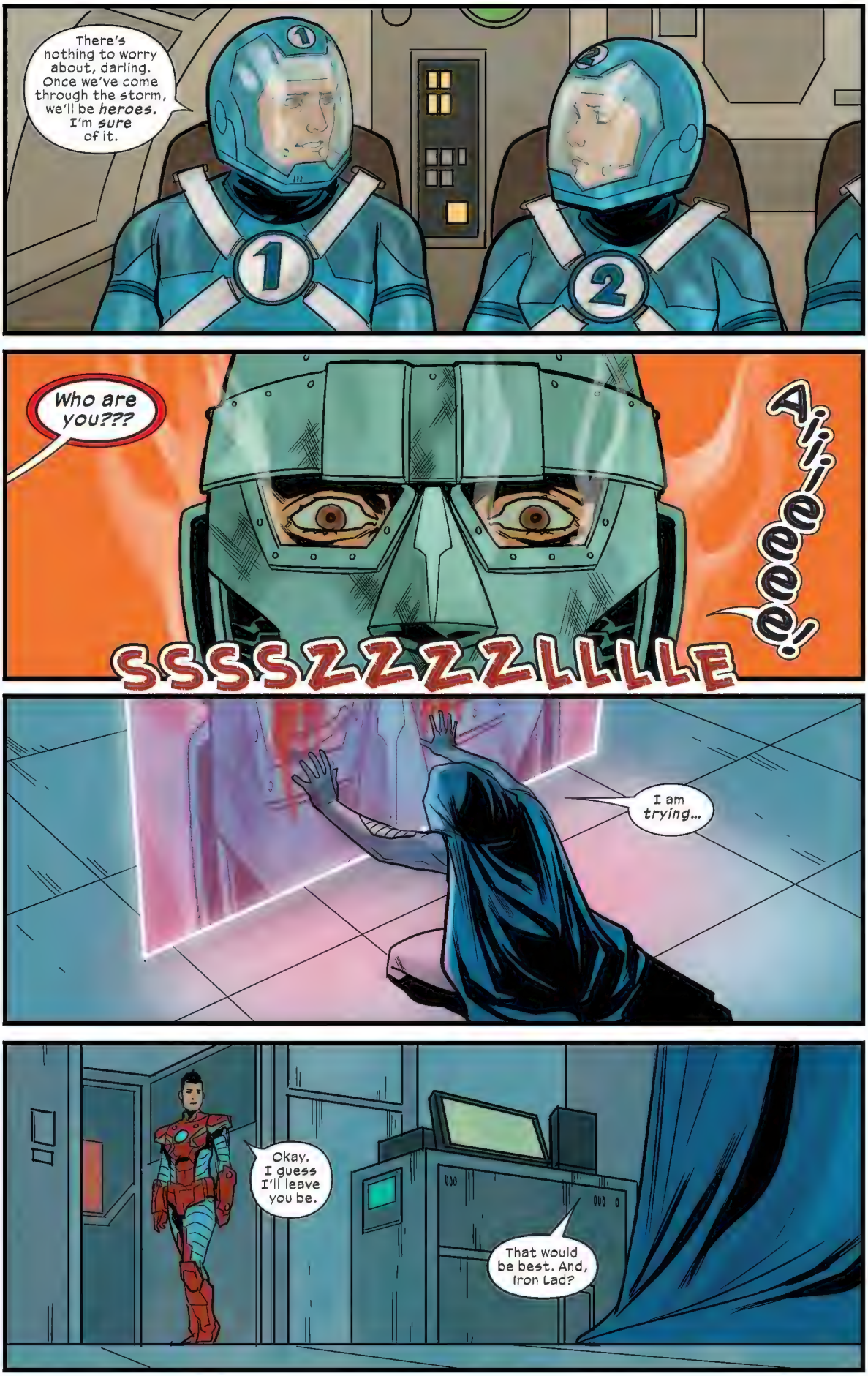

Doom is your name. I'm as sure of it as I am my *own.*
Everything you touch, everything you are, everything you love--*all doomed.* Accept this, and be *free.*
Argghhhhhh!

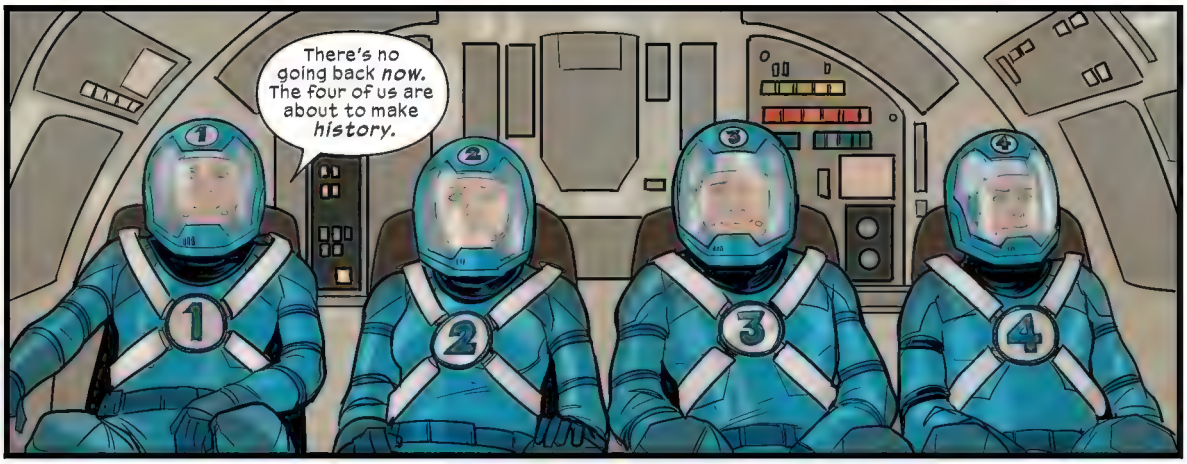
CRUNSCHH

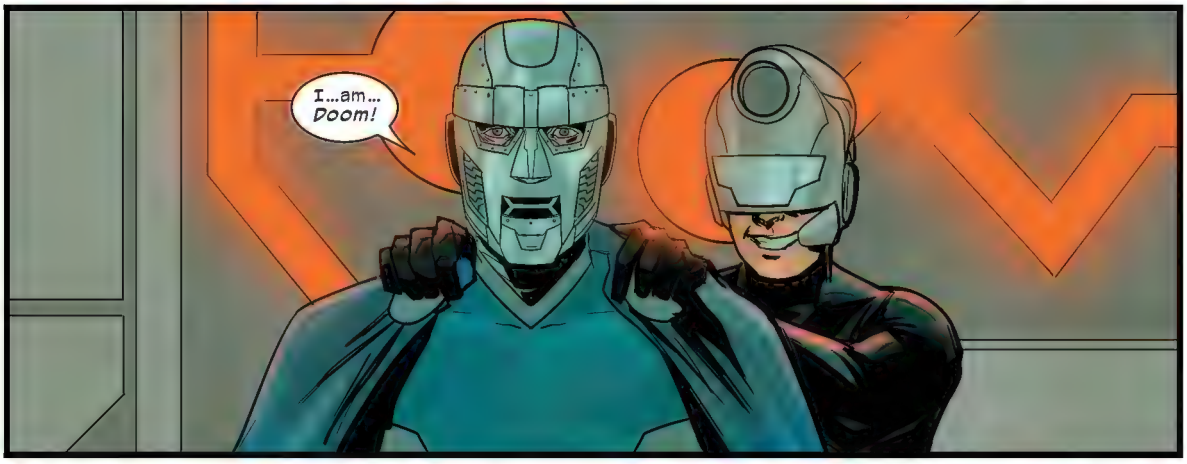
The knowledge of reality's *incompleteness...* it is an awful burden. Gödel starved himself to death...he saw the world in a new way and couldn't stand it...
It *changes* you...makes you into something you never imagined you could be.


Where'd you learn to *pick locks,* Ben?
Used to run with a gang when I was a kid back on Yancy Street.
What can I say? I was very mature for my age.
Doom is what you bring! *Doom* is who you are!
Now *say* it! *Who are you?!*
P-p-please!
P-p-please!
Yes, I would tear this world down ***stone*** by ***stone*** to make it right again. *But it slips through my fingers.*
So I am trying things your way. *For now.*

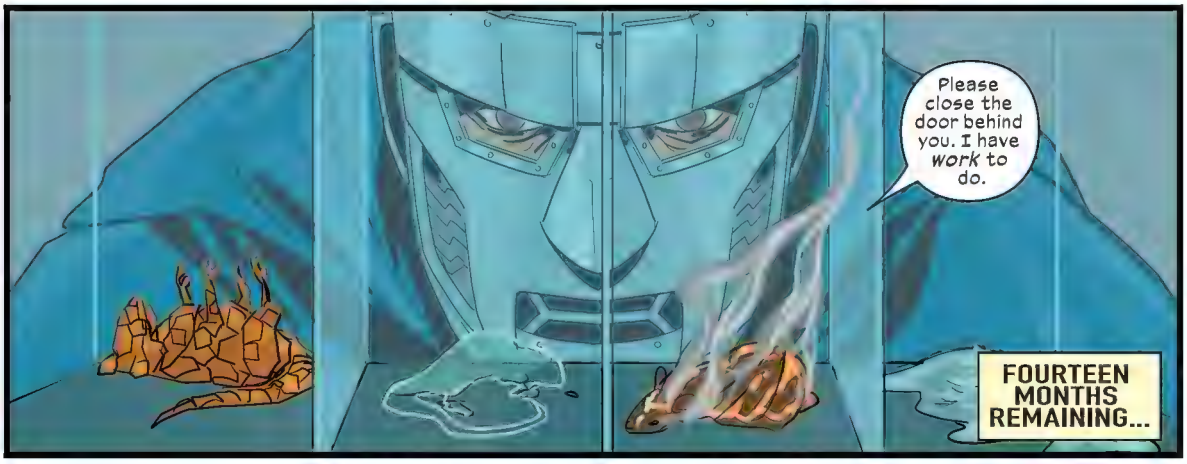

Still with me, Sue?
I...
Who are you?!
I...
I am sorry...
Doom, I...I'm...
Never mind.
When the mice stop dying, the Fantastic Four will return.


There's nothing to worry about, darling. Once we've come through the storm, we'll be *heroes*. I'm *sure* of it.
1
2
Who are you???
SSSSZZZZZLLLLLE
Aiiieeee!
I am *trying*...
Okay. I guess I'll leave you be.
That would be best. And, Iron Lad?


There's no going back *now.* The four of us are about to make *history.*
1
2
3
4


I...am... *Doom!*

I will never stop...


Please close the door behind you. I have *work* to do.
FOURTEEN MONTHS REMAINING...

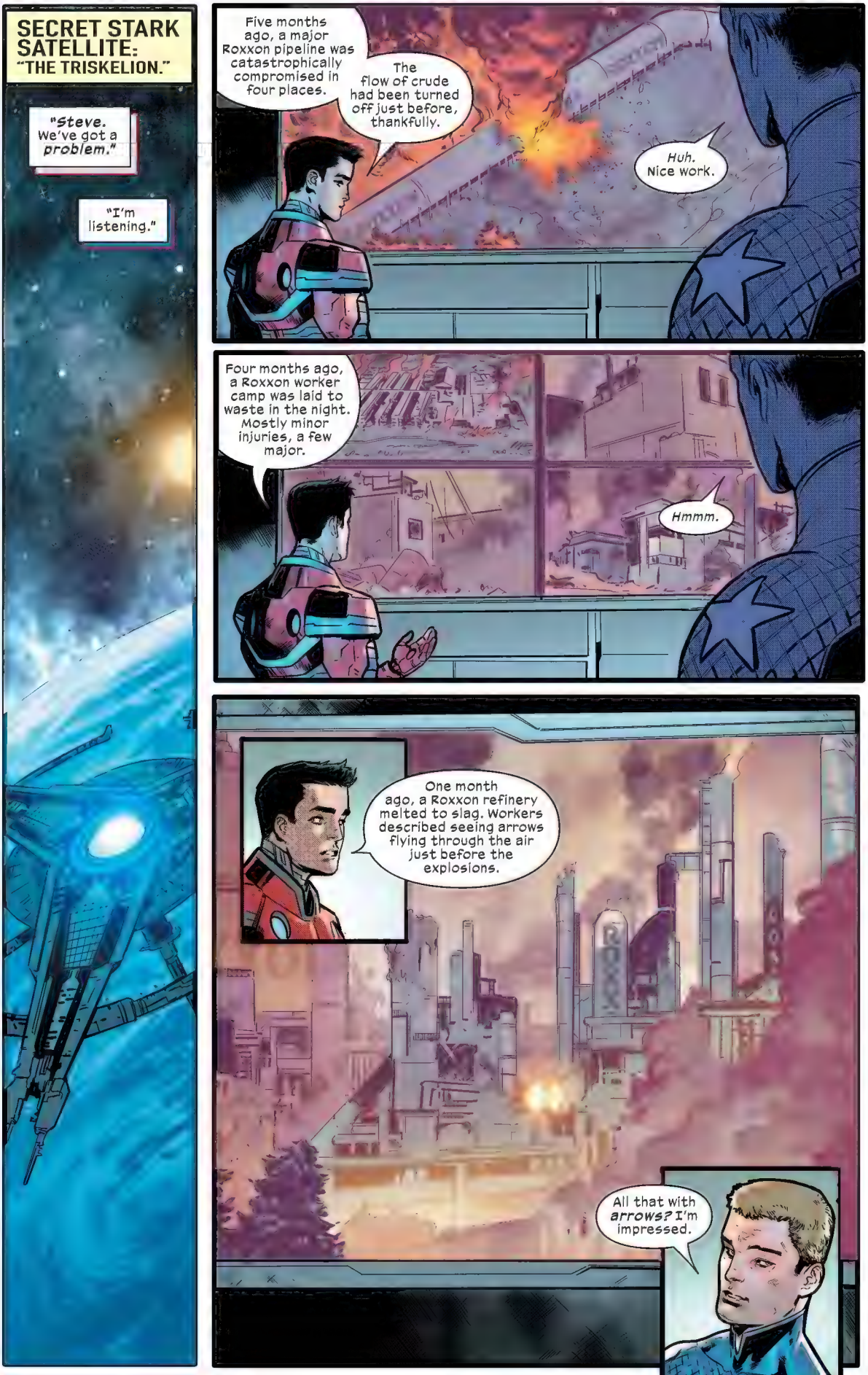
THE ULTIMATES 5

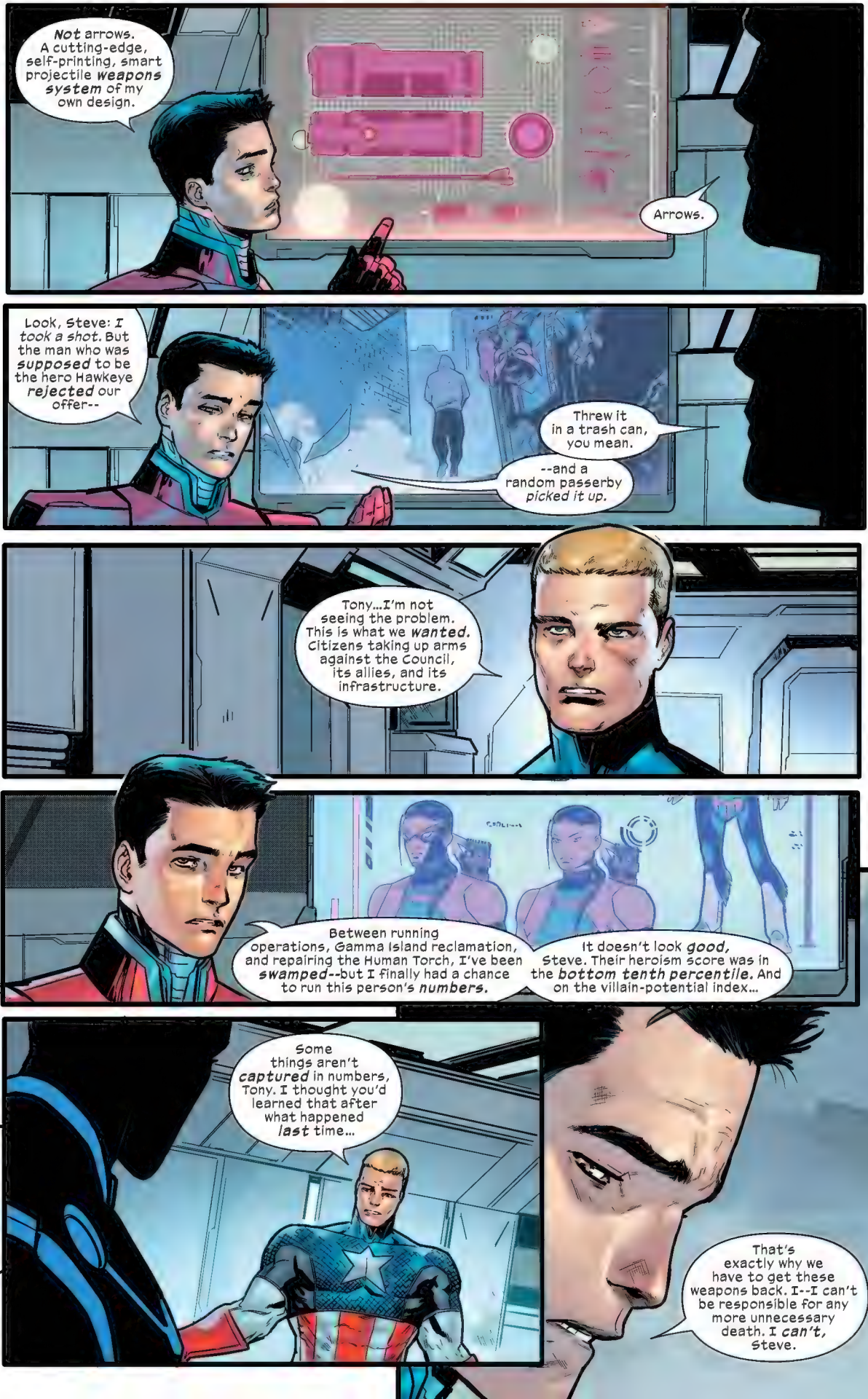
"Upon suffering beyond suffering, the Red Nation shall rise again. And it shall be a blessing for a sick world. A world filled with broken promises, selfishness and separations. A world longing for light again. I see a time of seven generations, when all the colors of mankind will gather under the sacred tree of life and the whole earth will become one circle again."

—TȞAŠÚŊKE WITKÓ "CRAZY HORSE"

"I don't go so far as to think that the only good Indian is the dead Indian, but I believe nine out of every ten are, and I shouldn't like to inquire too closely into the case of the tenth."

—THEODORE "TEDDY" ROOSEVELT
26th President of the United States


SECRET STARK SATELLITE: "THE TRISKELION."
"Steve. We've got a problem."
"I'm listening."
Five months ago, a major Roxxon pipeline was catastrophically compromised in four places.
The flow of crude had been turned off just before, thankfully.
Huh. Nice work.
Four months ago, a Roxxon worker camp was laid to waste in the night. Mostly minor injuries, a few major.
Hmmm.
One month ago, a Roxxon refinery melted to slag. Workers described seeing arrows flying through the air just before the explosions.
All that with arrows? I'm impressed.


Not arrows. A cutting-edge, self-printing, smart projectile weapons system of my own design.
Arrows.
Look, Steve: I took a shot. But the man who was supposed to be the hero Hawkeye rejected our offer--
Threw it in a trash can, you mean.
--and a random passerby picked it up.
Tony...I'm not seeing the problem. This is what we wanted. Citizens taking up arms against the Council, its allies, and its infrastructure.
Between running operations, Gamma Island reclamation, and repairing the Human Torch, I've been swamped--but I finally had a chance to run this person's numbers.
It doesn't look good, Steve. Their heroism score was in the bottom tenth percentile. And on the villain-potential index...
Some things aren't captured in numbers, Tony. I thought you'd learned that after what happened last time...
That's exactly why we have to get these weapons back. I--I can't be responsible for any more unnecessary death. I can't, Steve.

We're talking about *arrows,* Tony.
Yes, Steve--arrows that can follow a target *forty miles,* cutting right angles at three times the speed of *sound.*
Arrows that can blow holes in battleships and fry every electronic device for two hundred yards.
A properly trained man could take an *army* with those "arrows."
Please, Steve. America is on a mission in Eurasia, Giant-Man and Wasp are following a lead on another trapped hero, Thor and Sif are...well, I don't know *where* they are...
...She-Hulk will only leave her island for direct strikes against the Council or rescue missions, and *Doom...* Doom is Doom.
I need your *help.*
I took a *shot,* Steve. I took a shot and I *missed.*
Sigh I'll take care of it.

ROXXON REFINERY 15.
1.5 MILES FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER.
So they sent a cowboy, huh?
REPULSOR ARROW.

Charli Ramsey? You know why I'm here?
You're one of those Ultimates, so...I dunno, to blow up a *school* or something?
No. I think you know we don't do that.
Besides, blowing things up seems to be *your* thing.

Draw, cowboy!
FFFTTT
I'm a captain, actually. Captain A--
Naw, you a cowboy. Gary Cooper-lookin' [redacted]. And I'm the Indian.
Know what that makes us?
KABOOOM
Sure. I get the reference.

I know all about cowboys.
My dad used to love those old movies. I seen 'em all. And they were all the same.
Cowboys killing Indians, cowboys killing Indians.
FFFFTTT
SONIC "SCREAMER" ARROW.
Everybody cheers.
But I loved 'em too. It's [redacted] up, but I loved them too.

Stop! I didn't come here to *fight* you. I just need those *weapons* back. They're *dangerous*. And you can't be older than *sixteen*.
How old were *you* when you put on that suit? Took a *stand*?
What do you know about this suit? Or what it *stands* for?
Different things, I guess, for you and me.

So, what? You get to be a hero. Tony Stark gets to be a hero.
The guy who threw all this stuff away, he gets to be a hero.
But me... I don't meet the criteria? I fail a test or something?
We always fail their tests. The math never works out in our favor.

You know what they do? These "Roxxon Energy Partners"?
CLUSTER-BOMB ARROW.
They do whatever they want.
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOOOOM

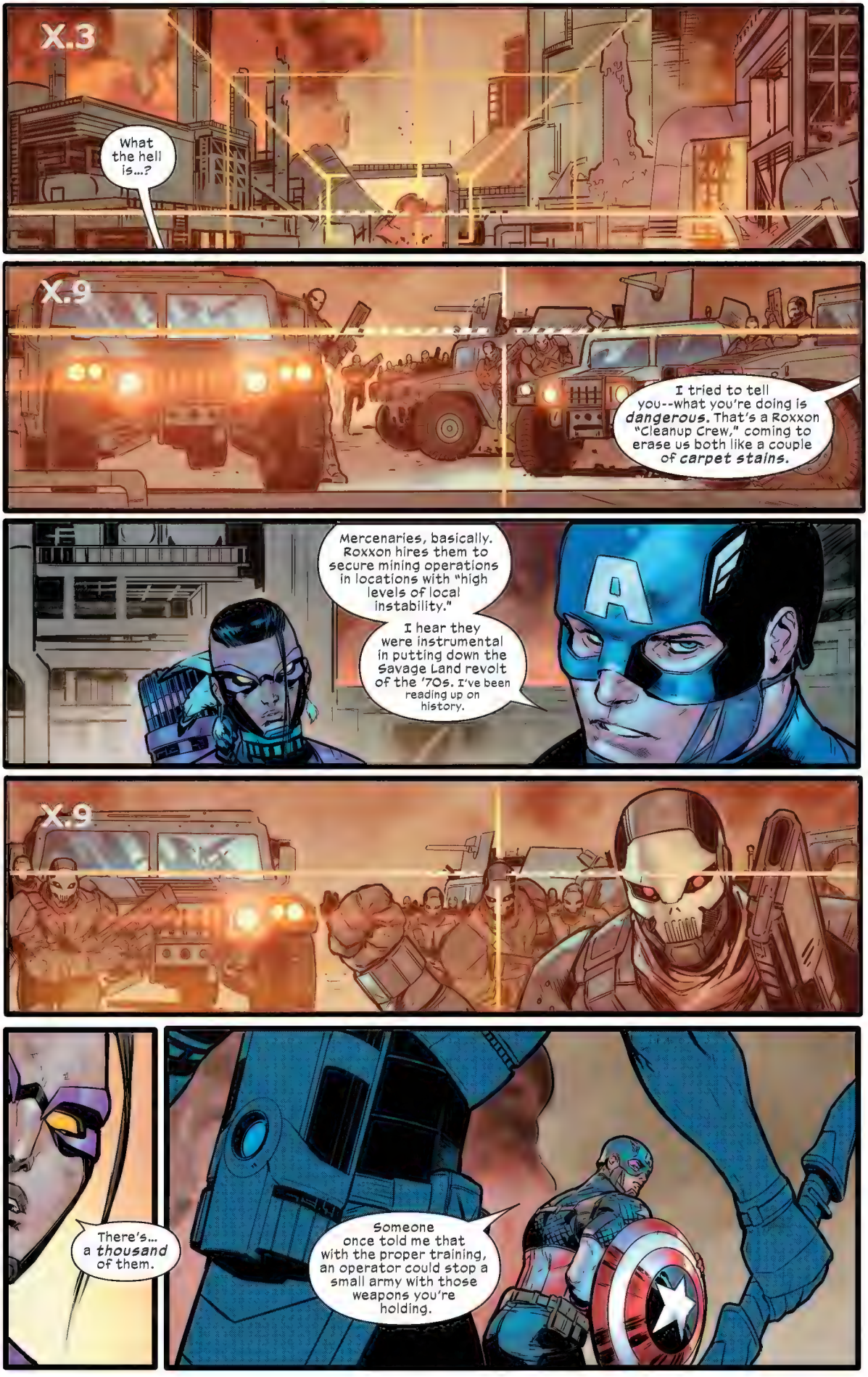
They flood the plains, they dig up our sacred ground, they foul the water.
KNOCKOUT–GAS ARROW.
FREEZE ARROW.
ACID ARROW.
They build these...these refineries and pipelines, like the Great Black Snake our stories say will end everything. They take the whole world hostage...
And when we protest--when we stand up--they kill us, or throw us in jail, or force us from our land.

And so, yeah, we have to fight. We have to.
Roxxon, the North American Union, the United States of America. It's all the same [redacted]--Cowboys and Indians.
Trust me: Those weapons--this life--it's a burden. You don't have to take it on.
I do. I had a vision.
It was meant for me.
INERTIA-CANCELING ARROW.
THONK
I saw the boy in the light! I heard what he said! "Protect the innocent, save lives, and inspire the citizens of the world to be their best selves."
I had the vision.
That was just Tony. And he was talking to someone else, a potential hero named--
I know!

I am a member of the Oglala band of the Lakota Nation! My government name is Charli Ramsey, but my spirit name--my true name--is Charli Hawks Eyes.
INDUSTRIAL–TASER ARROW.
You see? It was meant for me!
Arrghhhhh!
You can't take it. I won't let you.

RAZOR ARROW.
The ones who made this world...they didn't make it for people like me.
NEURAL–DISRUPTOR ARROW.
So sometimes you see something--an old movie, or a vision, or...or a symbol--and even though it wasn't made for you, you make it yours anyway.
Ready
Because if you don't, how else are you going to be anything in this world they made?
I'm not stupid. I've seen Star Wars. I know it wasn't a spirit or something. Just some arrogant kid. But it was my vision because I decided it was.
HUNTER/KILLER ARROW.

Visions aren't about the messenger. Or even the *message.*
They're about the *receiver.*
SNAP
Enough!
I don't care if I had to dig my destiny out of a dumpster. It's still *mine.*
CRUNCH
Ugh!
RRUMMMBLLEEE
Hrrr. Just like the movies. Cowboy wins. Indian dies.
Everybody cheers.
No one's dying. And that's not cheering. Get up and use those *eyes.*


X.3
What the hell is...?
X.9
I tried to tell you--what you're doing is *dangerous*. That's a Roxxon "Cleanup Crew," coming to erase us both like a couple of *carpet stains*.
Mercenaries, basically. Roxxon hires them to secure mining operations in locations with "high levels of local instability."
I hear they were instrumental in putting down the Savage Land revolt of the '70s. I've been reading up on history.
X.9
There's... a *thousand* of them.
Someone once told me that with the proper training, an operator could stop a small army with those weapons you're holding.

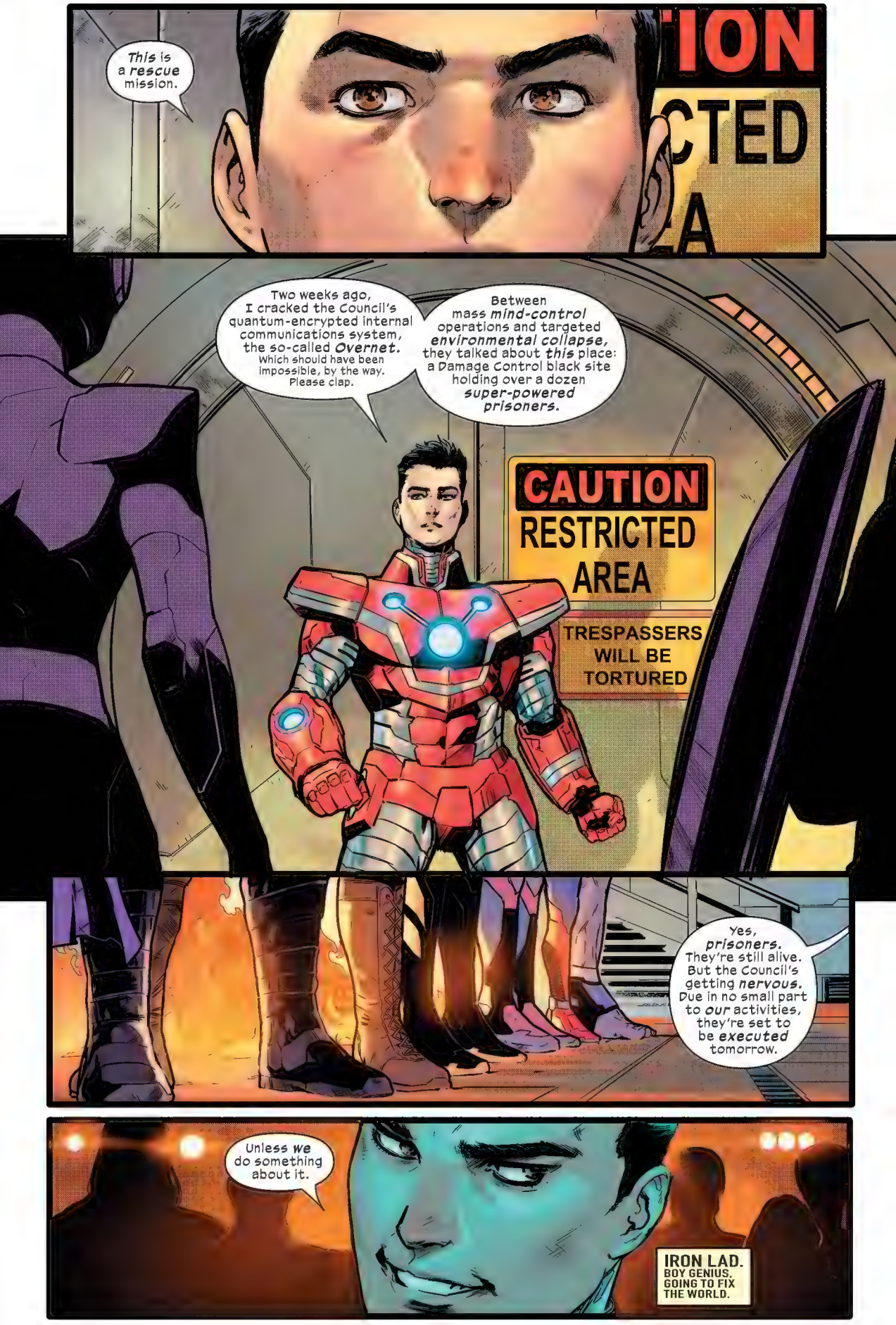
"So I hope you've been *practicing.*"

Not bad, *Hawkeye*. Not bad at all.

We should get out of here. More will be coming.
What about our *fight?* Don't you want your *arrows* back?
No. I was never going to take them back. I just wanted to be sure before I told *Iron Lad.*
What *are* you going to tell him?
That he didn't miss.
Hey...is your spirit name really "Charli Hawks Eyes"?
Pfff! You white people'll believe *anything!*
"Unbelievable! What are we going to do about this?!"

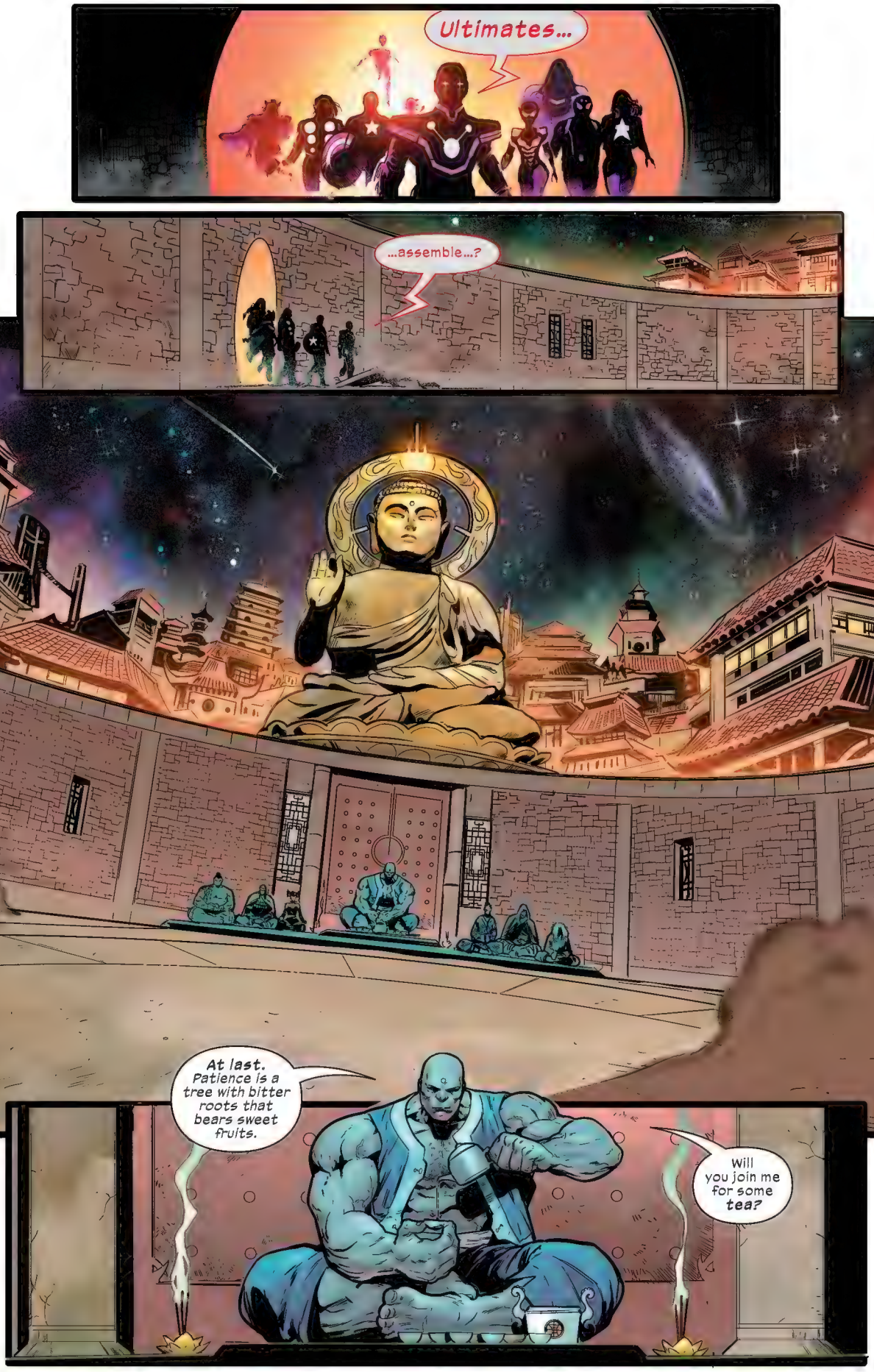
I didn't mind so much that they broke the neck of that solid-gold [redacted], Midas. In fact, I thought it was quite *funny*.
But now they're affecting *my* bottom line, Banner. And I can't have that. Roxxon is a *vital* part of my portfolio.
Calm down, Da Costa. You agreed to defer to me in this. *Do you doubt my strong and steady hand?*
N-no. I--
I have *studied* these Ultimates guerrillas. Their *strengths*. Their *weaknesses*. Their disharmonious ideas.
They utilize advanced *Stark stealth technology*. Their true identities are closely held secrets. If we crush two or three, the others will go to ground and gather strength in the shadows.
The Ultimates operate as an *insurgency*. You can't destroy an insurgency piece by piece.
So what do you propose?
Very simple. I'm going to kill them *all at once*.
THIRTEEN MONTHS REMAINING...

THE ULTIMATES 6


This is a rescue mission.
ION
CTED
A
Two weeks ago, I cracked the Council's quantum-encrypted internal communications system, the so-called Overnet. Which should have been impossible, by the way. Please clap.
Between mass mind-control operations and targeted environmental collapse, they talked about this place: a Damage Control black site holding over a dozen super-powered prisoners.
CAUTION
RESTRICTED AREA
TRESPASSERS WILL BE TORTURED
Yes, prisoners. They're still alive. But the Council's getting nervous. Due in no small part to our activities, they're set to be executed tomorrow.
Unless we do something about it.
IRON LAD.
BOY GENIUS.
GOING TO FIX THE WORLD.

That's why, for the first time, I am assembling the *entire Ultimates Network.*
THE HUMAN TORCH. RECENTLY RESTORED ANTIQUE ANDROID. KILLED HITLER.
It's about time, isn't it?
HAWKEYE. WIELDS A STONE AGE WEAPON WITH A HIGH-TECH TWIST.
Feels like we've been waiting forever.
SIF. WARRIOR GODDESS. JAILER OF THOR.
THOR. DEPOSED GOD OF THUNDER. PRISONER OF SIF.
CAPTAIN AMERICA. MAN-PLUS WITHOUT A COUNTRY.
SHE-HULK. PROTECTOR OF GAMMA ISLAND.
WASP. NO JOB TOO BIG OR SMALL. BORN FOR THIS.
GIANT-MAN. SOMETIMES FEELS SMALL. GROWING INTO IT.
AMERICA CHAVEZ. AMNESIAC TEMPORAL REFUGEE.
"Well... *almost* the entire Network."
DOOM. POST-TRAUMATIC REED RICHARDS. HAS A SECRET.

Uh, should we all just be standing out in front of a secret facility talking like this...?
I've taken care of the surveillance systems. They won't see us coming.
We don't anticipate much resistance at first, but we have to assume the place will be swarming with H.A.N.D. Agents in under five minutes.
They may even have a super-powered asset or two nearby. Cap?
We don't want a big, protracted fight. After decades of confinement, these poor people could be injured, disoriented or near death.
AUTION
STRICTED
They're torturing human beings in there. So I kind of want a big fight. But I get it.
Save the heroes. Be the heroes. And make it quick.
No one dies today. Not...not because of us.
This is a rescue mission.
BOOOOM
RES


Ultimates...
...assemble...?
At last. Patience is a tree with bitter roots that bears sweet fruits.
Will you join me for some tea?

BANNER!!!
She-Hulk, don't--!
Joena!
I haven't seen you since you were a child. You've grown.
RARRGHHH!
Hate made me strong! I have been saving it!
I have been saving all my hate for YOU!!!
Yes, I am well aware.
Rage can be a devastating weapon...

KRAKAOOOOOM
...in the right hands.
ATOMIC IRON FIST.
(15 HIROSHIMAS LVL.)

Now, how about that *tea?* I made enough for *everyone.*
EEEE! EEEE! EEEE! EEEE!
SIGNAL NOT FOUND
M.I.A.: Iron Lad, Captain America, Thor, Sif, Giant-Man, Wasp, America Chavez, She-Hulk, Hawkeye, Human Torch.
SIGNAL NOT FOUND
What have you gotten yourself into now, Iron Lad...?
SIGNAL NOT FOUND
SIGNAL NOT FOUND
Ultimates Network disconnected.

Did he just...? What did he just...?
We need to get out of here-- *now.*
The doors we came through are gone. Some kind of magic. We're *trapped.*
Where *are* we?
I have brought you to Heaven. The Immortal City of *K'un-Lun,* to be precise.
I rule all *seven* of Heaven's capital cities. What does that make me, do you suppose?
Don't...don't be afraid of him. There's *ten* of us. He's... he's still just one man.
One giant, radioactive man.
You should be *honored.* It is not often that *terrorists* are permitted entrance to Heaven. But for *you...*

...I made special arrangements.

Jan, I read about those guys! They're total *pacifists!*
Hey, what are they...?

O, Gray-Skinned World-Breaker and World-Remaker!
Strongest One There Is!
Sigh I'd hoped we could be civil about this. I made *tea.*

Rrrgghhhhh!
The tea is a much more *peaceful* death.

We are His immortal instruments!
The poison--harvested from a flower that grows only on Heaven's highest peak--kills *quickly* and *painlessly.*

B-by His holy blood, no harm can come to us!
But I suppose the time for tea is *over.*

In His shadow, all that is puny dies or is made strong.
DECAY'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER.
FAT COBRA.
URANIUM BROTHER #235.
PRINCE OF MELTDOWNS.
BRIDE OF NINE WORLD-BREAKERS.
CRANE MOTHER OF THE BOMB.
It's gone cold.
...searching for signal...signal lost... searching--
TAP TAP TAP TAP
Impossible. These instruments should be able to find them anywhere in the universe.
THE IMMORTAL WEAPONS OF HULK.

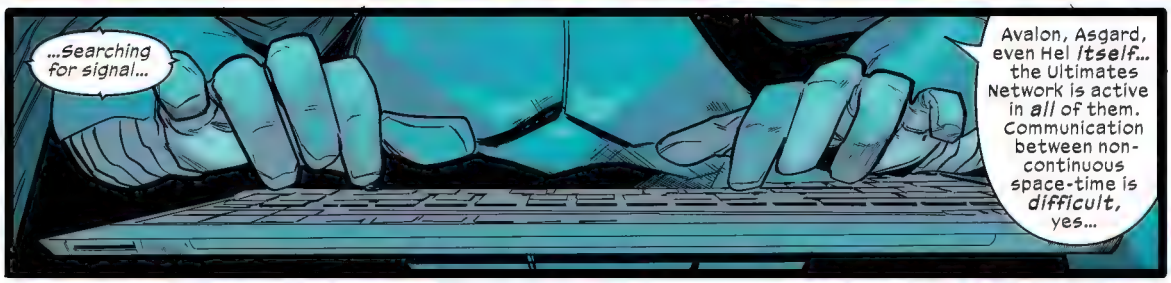
We have to go *now!* Thor, open--
FLYING FUSION STOMP.
ZRRCRAACK
Don't leave!
Ultimates! We'll have to fight our way out!
This is what you *wanted,* isn't it?
THERMONUCLEAR THUNDERFOOT.
My *attention.*
My *anger.*
Well, *congratulations.* You have *officially* made me *angry.*
WOOSH

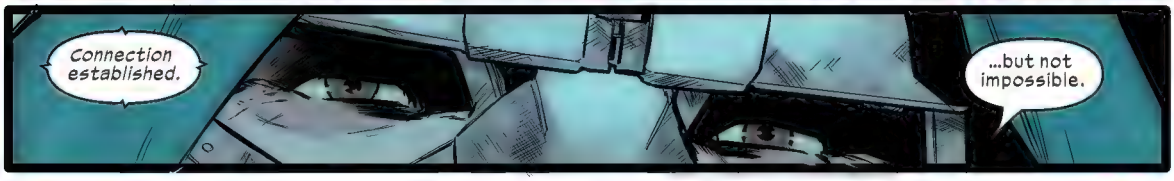
He barely feels it!
FIST OF THE GAMMA STAR.
HAHA!
Heaven's a lot more violent than I thought it'd be!
TONNG

Y-you're supposed to be pacifists! Ooof!
I listened to the Incredible Hulk's audiobook! My mom recommended it!

Sorry, honey... some people will say anything to sell books.

well struck! with a few thousand years of practice, you might even provide a challenge!
THE MAESTRO'S CRIPPLING CRESCENT KICK.


...Searching for signal...
Avalon, Asgard, even Hel itself... the Ultimates Network is active in all of them. Communication between non-continuous space-time is difficult, yes...


Connection established.
...but not impossible.

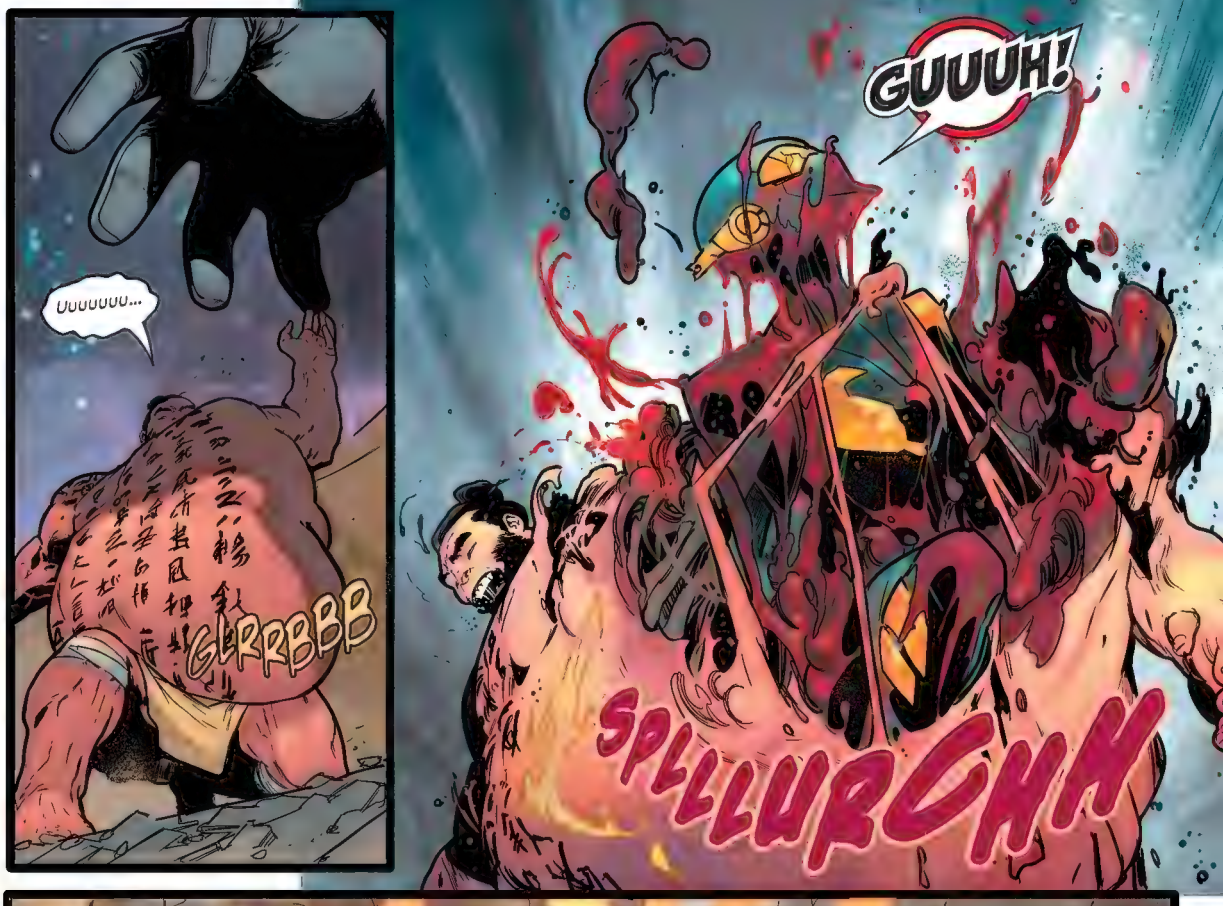
It's all on their terms. We have to--
You call yourselves heroes. You're children.
"Living out your adolescent power fantasies."
KRAKADOOOOOOM
BIG BANG PHOENIX CONFLAGRATION. (18 HIROSHIMAS LVL.)
ATOM-SMASHING THUNDERCLAP.
Ughh!
I will teach you about power. And the real world.
HIGGS KNIFE HAND STRIKE.

I have studied the teachings of the Great Enlightened Masters and reduced five thousand years of wisdom to *three perfect words:*
Peace Through Strength.
MEGATON EXTINCTION ATTACK (THIRD EXECUTION).
"*This* is my message.
MADAM CURIE'S DEATH BY TEN MILLION CUTS.
Burn, damn you! *Burn!*
"This is the *savage truth* I bring.
We train in the roaring heart of nuclear reactors! I've killed better men than you in 100-million-degree heat!
Don't stop, Jim! *Everything* has a limit!
Nuclear-powered martial arts monsters... I can't *handle* this! It's too big!
"There is no such thing as heroes.
Accessing Iron Lad visual feed...
CRZZTTKK
What...?
No.

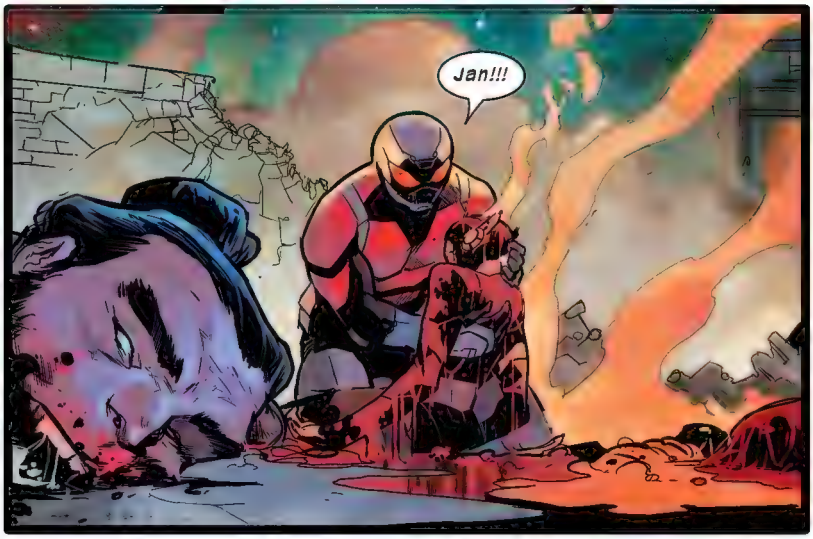
FLYING FALLOUT KICK.
Ughhh!
"What we have accomplished is a *miracle*.
Thor!
"Out of *chaos*, we made *harmony*.
CYCLOTRON DERVISH TECHNIQUE.
Ughhh!
C'mon, Hank! We're the Giant-Man and Wasp! "No job too big or small!" Remember?
PICOSECOND PARTICLE PLUCK.
"And the people *love* us for it.
...Jan?

"Look how we are loved."
GULP
Jan!!!
You know, as the worldwide symbol for peace, I've *missed* blood on my hands.
I wonder if *Gandhi* ever felt this way.
2X ATOMIC IRON FIST. (32 HIROSHIMAS LVL.)
KRAKOOOOOOOM
Use the signal as the *bridge*... StarkSuits give precise locations in high-dimensional space...
...don't forget to compensate for idiosyncratic physics and flow of time... interdimensional sheer will be a problem...

Jan!!!!!
I'll kill you!!!
Heh.
SUPERMASSIVE BODY BLOCK.
Let-- go!
Eh?
Hurk!

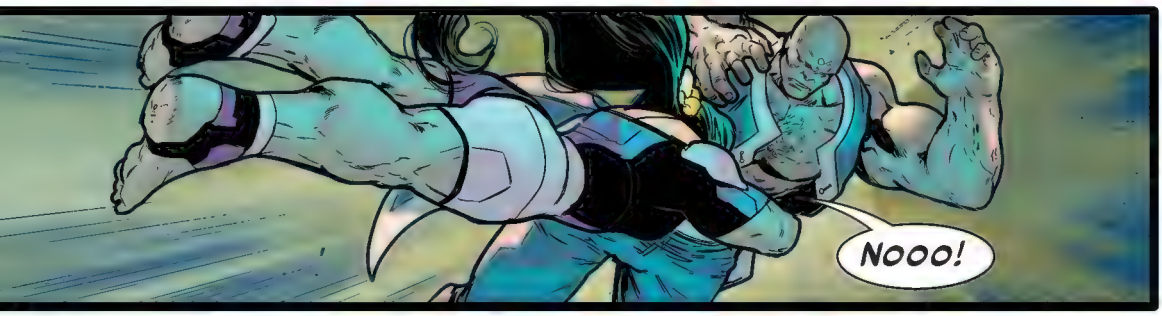

UUUUUUU...
GLRRBBB
GUUUH!
SPLLURCHK

Uhhhh...

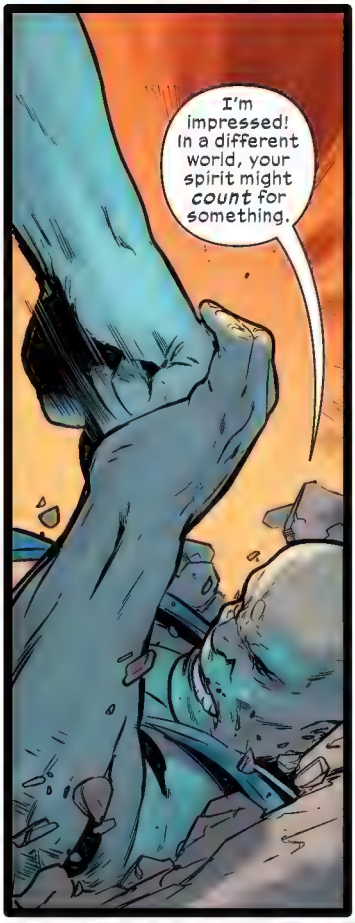

Jan!!!

...Signal strength degrading...total signal loss estimated in seven seconds...
Seven seconds and seven thousand unknowns.
One mistake and everyone is dead. Again.

I should *thank* you. Blowing up pipelines, destabilizing power grids, burning down the *White House*...
You've only driven them deeper into our arms. Nothing makes one crave the status quo quite like a violent *threat* to it.
THE PROFESSOR'S ENLIGHTENED CORNER THROW.
RRRRRRRRR
Of course, a few will be inspired. A few always are. But most will be *afraid.*
Afraid of *chaos.* Afraid of *change.* Afraid of losing what little they have.
In time, they'll come to wonder if the Ultimates ever truly existed. If the whole thing wasn't an *elaborate conspiracy.*
If you didn't really work for *us* all along.
In a way, I suppose you did.
Rest now, little Stark. You've *earned* it.
GIGATON VICE GRIP.
EURRGHHH!
RRRRCRUUNNNGHHHHH
In the end, you were our best little soldier.


NOOO!

Everything! You destroy *everything!* **Enough!**


I'm impressed! In a different world, your spirit might *count* for something.

SPLURCH

But this is not that world.
Take heart--your defeat here will avoid a wider conflict. Your sacrifice saves *millions* of lives.
In truth, dying will be the most heroic thing "the Ultimates" have ever done.

...Total signal loss in 4...3...2...
Now or never. Life or death.
All hope lies in *Doom.*

Eh?!?!
ZZZZZZUUUUUU
RRRHHAGH!
UUUUUmmmmmm
Uhhhhhh...
Doom? How--?
NO! Too late! You were too late!

IRON LAD IS DEAD!
TWELVE MONTHS REMAINING...

ULTIMATE UNIVERSE #1 2ND PRINTING DESIGN VARIANT BY **STEFANO CASELLI**

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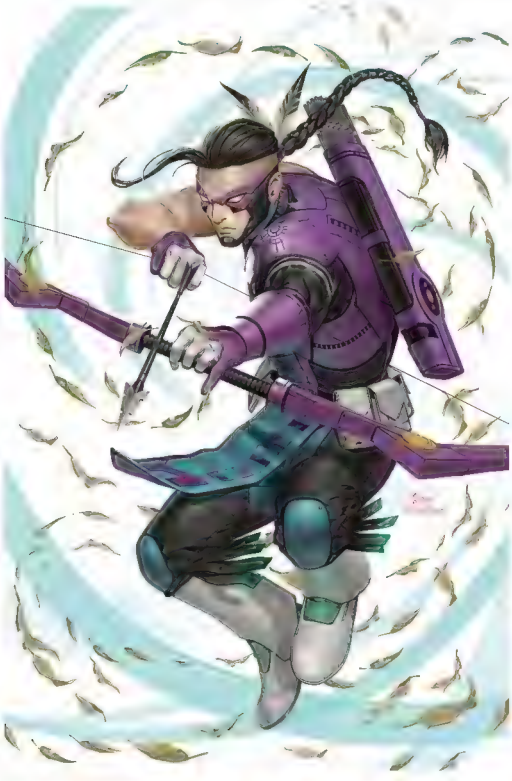
INHYUK LEE

ULTIMATES #2 ULTIMATE SPECIAL VARIANT BY
INHYUK LEE

ULTIMATES #3 ULTIMATE SPECIAL VARIANT BY
INHYUK LEE

ULTIMATES #4 ULTIMATE SPECIAL VARIANT BY
INHYUK LEE

ULTIMATES #4 ULTIMATE SPECIAL VARIANT BY
INHYUK LEE



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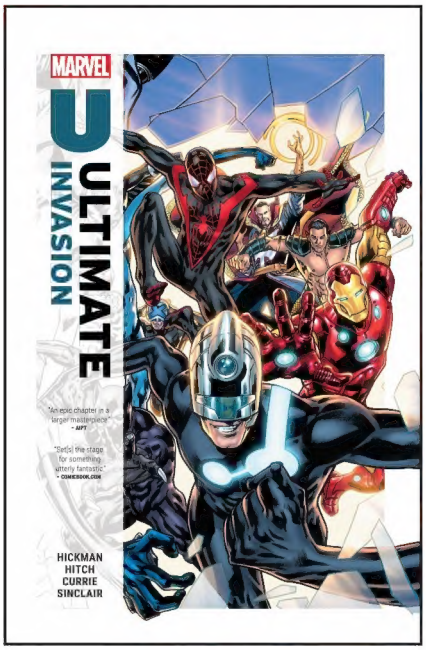

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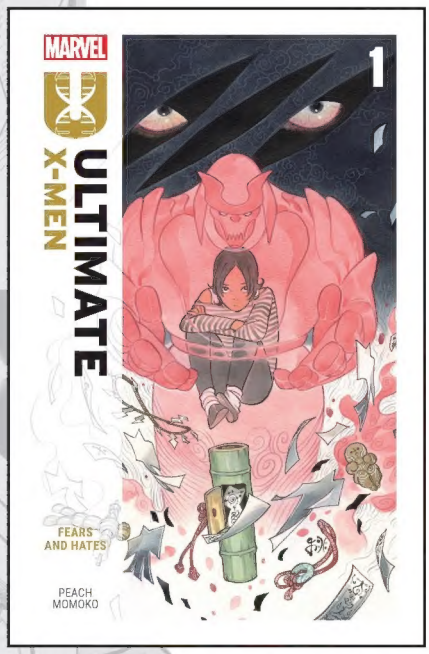

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COLLECTING **ULTIMATES (2024) #1-6**, **ULTIMATE UNIVERSE #1** AND MATERIAL FROM **FREE COMIC BOOK DAY 2024: SPIDER-MAN/ULTIMATE UNIVERSE** — BY **DENIZ CAMP**, **JONATHAN HICKMAN**, **JUAN FRIGERI**, **PHIL NOTO**, **STEFANO CASELLI**, **FEDERICO BLEE** AND **DAVID CURIEL**.

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